

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1549. Established 1869.

11 January, 1902.

Price Threepence

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE event of the literary week has been the publication in the *Times* of Mr. Kipling's new battle-rally, "The Islanders," a satire upon England's carelessness about the war and devotion to sports, and a plea for a year's compulsory service for every man to "the lordliest life on earth," or, in other words, killing the enemy. The poem is a fine lyrical achievement, written in a fervour of impatience with British apathy; and, granted the gladiatorial character of the new Imperialism, of which Mr. Kipling, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Harmsworth are the high priests, it is right; that is to say, if our immediate future is to be a fighting future, as the new Imperialists hope, there cannot be too many incitements, poetical or otherwise, to young men to prefer war to cricket and football, and to the nation at large to forego certain pleasures in favour of adding to the military spirit.

BUT if this new Imperialism is not really a national expression, if it is a policy imposed upon it for a while, then "The Islanders" is wrong, and the contempt it pours upon the English love of sport and pastime is mischievous, and its praise of slaughter is a blunder.

A SATIRIST and a revivalist must always exaggerate a little; but Mr. Kipling here and there goes too far. For example, the taunt that the Colonial rides and shoots better than the Islander had better have been directed against the world's geographical conditions. In Australia and Canada a horse costs less than a bicycle, and running game is plentiful. Here deer-shooting and hunting are for the rich. Again, it is not the cricketer that is a fool, and the footballer an oaf, so much as the mere spectator of both games. Both football and cricket are in a way almost as much mimetic warfare as volunteering, and certainly produce men of finer physique. While waiting for a war a nation can do many worse things than play cricket and football. And while they are doing it we may remark that in our experience a higher ideal of physical and moral fitness (if we may be permitted to drag morality into the question) prevails among cricketers and footballers than (question) prevails among cricketers than among volunteers.

OUR own opinion is that Mr. Kipling has misdirected his satire. There are two objects very much more in need of it than an ineradicable national casualness and belief in luck and an equally ineradicable addiction to sport. One of these is the Press, an influential section of which has steadily been fostering a spurious love of sports—i.e., worship of sportsmen by the anæmic and excitable—for

some years past, and has succeeded thereby in debasing both cricket and football to something that approaches a music-hall display; and the growing and debilitating vice of cigarette-smoking. There he has two serious tendencies that deserve the utmost castigation, and any effort of his genius to open his countrymen's eyes to these dangers we should welcome.

MEANWHILE "The Islanders" has been made the subject of many criticisms, none more to the point than that in the *Temps*, which remarks:

The whole of Europe is agreed that the British nation has found physical and moral benefit in the practice of the *mens sana in corpore sano* of antiquity. It has revived to a certain extent the ancient Greek ideal of the harmonious culture of body and mind. Athletics in England may not have formed generations of conquerors, but they have made a manly race, great travellers, sportsmen, mountain climbers, and—as the wars in the Soudan and South Africa show—brave men. Athletic sports do not make a man after the pattern of the new Imperialists, who dream of conscription and passive masses. The partisans of athletic sports are themselves healthy athletic men. The Neo-Imperialists find their adherents largely among men with overstrung nerves and excitable temperaments. England, with conscription made law, would no longer offer the conditions under which Parliamentary institutions flourished.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S new novel, *Love and the Soul Hunters*, will appear first as a serial in the *Queen*. She is at present writing a serial for *Harper's Magazine*.

"THE WISDOM OF THE WISE," Mrs. Craigie's comedy in four acts, which was first performed at the St. James's Theatre, will be produced in New York at the end of this month.

MR. TREE has been asked whether, during the performance of "Ulysses," the gallery gods may not laugh ignorantly at the gods on the stage. The actor-manager replies that they are intended to laugh at certain human traits in the Pagan deities. But let us suppose that they laugh when the situation is not violently funny. What of it? Is Mr. Phillips, on that account, to be deterred from the adaptation of a great story, or are thousands of educated persons to be denied the enjoyment of its performance? This terror of the gallery god is becoming, in England, far more serious than any religion. A bitter remark was made, the other night, by a well-known critic of long experience:—"A nothing nowadays will make a piece seem too intelligent, but I fear it can never be—for the moment at all events, too silly, too false, or too feeble."

We said a fortnight ago that the novels of 1902 were even then being written, and we said that it was a solemn thought. One of them has just come to hand, and it begins thus:

The post-mortem was over. They had drawn the linen up to the royally beautiful face, upon which was stamped a look of triumph that rose above the mortal agony of her passing, as though in the very act of her defeat by death she had wrested to herself a higher victory that had made the pale King's of no effect, a thing null and void, and I knew that her witchery was as potent as when in all the pomp of her laughing loveliness she had drawn men after her as honey draws flies, so that Venus Victrix as she had been in life, in death she was Venus Victrix still.

THE *Author* describes Sir Walter Besant's "Autobiography," which is now in the press, as follows: "It is neither a diary, nor does it contain lengthy transcripts from a diary; it includes no letters from eminent friends, and is remarkably free from personal references; it says nothing at all about the pecuniary side of his career as a professional man of letters; and is quite silent about his domestic life. It tells briefly and modestly of the influences which led him to be a novelist and an antiquarian, and of the circumstances which conduced to his success; and undoubtedly the main purpose which Sir Walter Besant had in writing it was to draw attention to what he considered to be the proper equipment for sound and useful literary performance."

FROM Tuesday's *Daily News*:

SPECULATIVE PUBLISHER sought for unpublished Lyric. 2,500 lines; transcendent; attractive; apothegmatic; finished technique.—909 V., *Daily News* Inquiry Office, 67, Fleet Street, E.C.

Alas, is it "speculative" to publish a transcendent, attractive, apothegmatic lyric of finished technique? The sale of poetry by auction seems to draw near.

THE production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" by the Stage Society seemed, in the light of its achievement, to be a forlorn little enterprise. A band of entirely respectable drama-fanciers desire, in the true interests of art and morals, to produce a play which never gets within a hundred miles of a suggestion of indecency. The Censor interdicts it. Then they decide on a private invitation performance, but not a theatrical manager in London will lend them a theatre for love or money, from fear of the Lord Chamberlain. And at last the cause of art and morals is fostered at the private theatre of the New Lyric Club before an audience which talks more nonsense between the acts than you could hear at a score of ordinary first-nights. The performance itself was saturated with mediocrity. The smallness of the stage seriously hampered the actors, and of the cast only Miss Fanny Brough appeared to be free from self-consciousness. Miss Brough acted with sincerity and remarkable skill. The piece as a whole was dull; without her it would have been lugubrious. In technique it is infantile; its tone, despite the many bold and striking verities which emerge, is essentially conventional and sentimental. The characters are always acting and speaking in a manner in which real people never would act and speak; in particular, they constantly speak the absolute truth. The odd little bits of stage "business," such as the attempted shooting by Frank, and the writing of the unspeakable words by Vivie, are ludicrously clumsy. Coincidences of the most shaky sort support the fabric of the play. Two of the characters are caricatures (the parson and his son), and a third, Praed, is useless to the plot. In the entire piece

there are only two moments of drama, in the second and fourth acts. Let us add that these moments are worth waiting for. Drama is made out of the collision of ideas, and when the ideas of Mrs. Warren actually do collide with those of her daughter, Mr. Shaw shows himself a transient dramatist. Mrs. Warren's defence of the trades of procuress and wanton is superb; from the lips of Mrs. Warren it is grossly unnatural, but it is superb; it really thrills; and it gives that uncomfortable sense of the universality of unrighteousness which is the beginning of righteousness. We think it cannot be denied that, in common with almost all Mr. Shaw's work, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" serves morals much better than it serves art. The blunt fact is that it disserves art, because it is a very bad play taken seriously by people who take themselves seriously.

THE question arises: Is the aim of the Stage Society to further the progress of dramatic art, or is it to disseminate moral ideas by means of plays good or bad? We surmise the former, and if we are right, it is pertinent to ask why the Stage Society produces so many bad plays. The catalogue of its efforts is pathetic. In order to avoid misunderstanding, we say with some assurance that, considered as a work of art, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" (itself perhaps above the average of the Stage Society's productions) is far beneath even the minor efforts of those despised playwrights, Mr. A. W. Pinero and H. A. Jones. As a work of art, it stands about level with "The Last of the Dandies" and "Miss Hobbs." We are not trying to be facetious at the expense of the Stage Society, which we believe to be a body of well-meaning persons resembling the British Army in zeal and the War Office in efficiency. It is indubitable that the trail of the amateur lay over all the production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," over play and performance alike. On merely æsthetic grounds, the general public would not have tolerated it, and the general public would have been right.

WE note among the future productions of the Society, "The Marrying of Anne Leete," by Mr. H. Granville Barker; the title is a bad omen; also a translation of "La Nouvelle Idole," by François de Curel. Are there, then, no first-class plays? Is Ibsen exhausted? Mrs. Patrick Campbell can produce Maeterlinck and Björnson with success; she has done far more than the Stage Society to educate dramatic taste in England. There is in Paris a dramatist of the name of Paul Hervieu, an artist more accomplished than fifty Curels. Nothing of his has yet been produced in England. His "L'Enigme," despite the august disapproval of M. de Blowitz, is a fine work of art; it is short, requires only the simplest scenery, and has only eight characters, two of whom are servants. The Stage Society leave Mrs. Tree to produce "L'Enigme" in England. The Stage Society has not even got as far as Brioux, whose militant morality is presented with infinitely more theatrical skill than Mr. Shaw's. The Stage Society suffers from a dual complaint, the mania of wanting to be serious, combined with a plentiful lack of artistic culture. All good art is serious. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is just as serious, artistically, as, say, "Ghosts." But the Stage Society demands first, not artistic excellence, but a mysterious, indefinable, ethical quality which somehow exists apart from the art of the play. There is no such thing in a good play, and that is why the Stage Society usually produces bad plays. Until it reforms itself by employing and trusting to a reader who knows a good play from a moral manifesto, and who cares nothing whatever for the progress of morals, sexual or otherwise, it will never do any good. At present it is doing harm, and its *séances* are the gathering of the clans of idle affectation.

THE most interesting addition to the Bacon-Shakespeare discussion that has appeared since our last issue is the detailed examination of the italic types, in which Mrs. Gallup finds her astounding revelations, by a very able correspondent of the *Times*. To explain this gentleman's deductions will give Mrs. Gallup, we fancy, as hard a task as she cares for. But in the Baconians' dictionary there is no such word as "Difficulty."

THE poet of Messrs. Hatchard's *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow* has some "Galluping Verses" from which we take these stanzas:

Ah me! what a tragic imbroglio,
Produced by a famous first folio.
Americans swear
That a cipher lies there
To knock England's Bard rowley-powley O
Uprises a Buddhist named Sinnett,
To hail the Swan's death-warrant in it;
And an ex Oxford wit,
Named Mallock, is hit:
And perverts arrive every minute.

Yet Mr. Biographer Lee
Is certain as certain can be,
No mystery lurks
In Shakespearean works:
A cipher? All moonshine!" says he

And we,
We're quite in accordance with Lee.

MR. GEORGE HALKETT, whose year of authority over the *Pall Mall Magazine* has been attended by so many interesting results, has secured Mrs. Gallup's reply to her critics. Had he been able to have obtained it for the February number we should have called his enterprise genius, for ere the "winds of March," as Bacon says, much of the excitement in the matter will, we fear, have evaporated. But he is to be congratulated as it is.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL confirms the report that the lawsuit between Messrs. Pearson and Mr. Hall Caine will not go on. It seemed doubtful a few days ago whether a compromise could be arrived at, but he understands the prospect is now hopeful. Readers generally, he adds, will be very much interested in the terms of the arrangement. Readers generally, it may also be added, will be very much disappointed that they will not have the pleasure of reading the report of the case.

IN another paragraph Dr. Nicoll promises Mr. Lang future opportunities of vindicating himself from criticism in public. We await the event with pleasure, for Mr. Lang does this kind of thing in perfection. But, meanwhile, why does Dr. Nicoll call Mr. Lang Dr. Lang? Is it on the principle that he who drives fat oxen must himself be fat? That Mr. Lang is a Doctor we know; but, as Mr. Dobson says of Molly Trefusis and the term Muse:

We all of us know what a Muse is:
It is something too awful, too acid, too dry,
For sunny-eyed Molly Trefusis.

THE power of Pantomime's lawless and vulgarising hands has long been past correction. That we know.

But hitherto some attempt to adhere to the bolder symbols of the nursery stories has been observed. We note with sorrow that this tendency is now crumbling. Blue Beard at Drury Lane no longer wears a beard. In order, we presume, that nothing may impede the flow or thicken the clarion distinctness of Mr. Herbert Campbell's lines, Blue Beard wears side whiskers. But what an insult to every child!

Apropos of beards, Mr. Frank Norris, the author of *The Octopus*, having been asked "Why women write better novels than men?" has denied that they do, asserting that the best novels still come from the "razor-using contingent." But why razor-using? An illustrated catalogue of American novelists that reached us last week was full of authors bearded like the pard, and we can think of several prominent English novelists who prefer beards to razors. Mr. Meredith, for example, and Mr. Conrad, and Mr. Whiteing, and Mr. Crockett, and Mr. Barry Pain, and Mr. Barr, and Mr. Caine.

MR. GEORGE GISSING acknowledges Dickens as his Father in Letters in a pleasant little paper in the New York *Critic* called "Dickens in Memory." After recalling his boyish, almost his childish, impressions of the novels, he describes the effect of Dickens's literary individuality on his own through Forster's biography. "At this time," he tells us, "I had begun my attempts in the art of fiction; much of my day was spent in writing, and often enough it happened that such writing had to be done amid circumstances little favourable to play of the imagination or intentness of the mind. Then it was that the *Life of Dickens* came to my help. When I was tired and discouraged and seemed to have lost interest in my work, I took down Forster and read at random, sure to come upon something which restored my spirits and renewed the zest which had failed me. . . . A man of method, too, with no belief in the theory of casual inspiration; fine artist as he is, he goes to work regularly, punctually; one hears of breakfast advanced by a quarter of an hour, that the morning's session may be more fruitful. Well, this it was that stirred me, not to imitate Dickens as a novelist, but to follow afar off his example as a worker. From this point of view, the debt I owe to him is incalculable." We have already stated that Mr. Gissing is engaged in producing an abridgment of Forster's work.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator* has been collecting ownership inscriptions in books. He says that sixty years ago his schoolfellows used to write in their books these lines:

Quisquis hunc librum rapiat scelestus
Atque furtivis manibus prehendat:
Pergat ad tetras Acherontis undas
Non rediturus.

The last denunciation was a favourite of Lord De Tabley, who observed that "all other book-protecting maledictions must sound weak after this one." To these maledictions the *Daily News* adds an English variant of the first quatrain quoted above:

Don't steal this book, and if you borrow,
Return it promptly on the morrow:
Or, when you die, the Lord will say,
"Where is that book you stole away?"

A LATER correspondent of the *Daily News* adds:

Black is the raven, black is the rook,
But blacker is the blackguard who steals this book.

THE *Author*, in the midst of its statistics, indictments, and danger-signals to publishers, finds room for this little scrap of pessimistic sententiousness:

LIFE.

A little struggle, a little growth;
A little pause; and nothing loth;
Decay and death; and welcome both.

The author is A. C. B. Some publisher must have been treating him very badly.

Bibliographical.

FOR many people, one of the most interesting things about Mr. W. M. Rossetti's *Gabriele Rossetti*, just issued, is the fact that it contains portraits, new to the public, not only of Gabriele and of his father-in-law Polidori, but of Mrs. Gabriele and of her two daughters, Christina and Maria. Of Mrs. Rossetti a portrait (dated 1854) was given as frontispiece to the second volume of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (1895). Another (dated 1863) appeared in Mr. Mackenzie Bell's *Christina Rossetti* (1898), taken from a photograph of which a portrait of Miss Christina Rossetti also formed a part. The new portrait (dated circa 1855) is also from a photograph, in which both of Mrs. Rossetti's daughters appear. This, so far as I know, is the first portrait of Miss Maria Francesca that has appeared in volume form. The published portraits of Miss Christina Rossetti are now tolerably numerous. Mr. Bell gives six, dated respectively 1838, 1848, 1849, 1852, 1863, and 1866. In Mr. W. M. Rossetti's *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* there is one dated 1848. One dated 1865 figures in the same writer's *Pre-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters* (1900), and now come two, dated 1846 and 1855 respectively, in *Gabriele Rossetti*. This makes ten altogether, six of them from originals by D. G. Rossetti, two from originals by Pistrucchi (1838) and Collinson (1849), and two from photographs. Has Mr. W. M. Rossetti any more family portraits with which to favour us? The literature of the Rossetti group grows apace.

It is pleasant to hear that Messrs. Chatto propose to include R. L. Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights* in their neat, pretty, and cheap "St. Martin's Library," to which his *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* has just been added. The *Nights* came out originally, in two volumes, in 1882; and there were cheaper editions of the book in 1884. It is to be hoped, however, that Messrs. Chatto will add to the aforesaid Library all the Stevenson volumes in their catalogue. One would like to see in it the *Virginilus Puerisque* and the *Memories and Portraits*, the *Travels with a Darkey*, and *An Inland Voyage*—none of which, I believe, is obtainable for less than six shillings (with discount). One would also like to see the whole of Stevenson's verse incorporated in a single volume. Messrs. Chatto already publish the *Underwoods*, the *Ballads*, and the *Songs of Travel*; if to these could be added the *Child's Garland of Verses*, what a delightful volume would be the result! All four books are slender enough in bulk, goodness knows; and when brought together in one, they would not make any very large display. Thus amalgamated, they would do a very great deal to extend and deepen Stevenson's reputation as a lyricist.

The promised volume of hitherto unpublished Letters by Horace Walpole will be welcome. Walpole was one of the most sprightly of correspondents, and we cannot have too much of his work. He is more read, one may hope, than he used to be. He was popularised considerably in 1883, when Mr. L. B. Seeley brought out a selection from the Letters, entitled *Horace Walpole and His World*—a volume which was reprinted in 1895. Then, in 1889, came Mr. C. D. Yonge's selection, in two volumes,

which went into a second edition in 1891, and into a third in 1898. In the last-named year Mr. Austin Dobson gave us his admirable monograph on Walpole, which holds, and is likely to hold, the field. There has been, one may say, quite a revival of Walpole during the last two decades, for even his *Castle of Otranto* found a new publisher in 1886, when Messrs. Cassell and Co. included it in a series of cheap reprints.

And now Mr. Alexander Scot, hailed by Pinkerton (who reprinted some of his pieces) as the Anacreon of old Scottish verse, is to be revived by the Early English Text Society, again under the auspices of Mr. A. K. Donald. It is to be feared that Scot cannot be quickened into any real vogue. He was edited by David Laing in 1821, having already figured in several collections; but he was essentially a minor bard. He "sang," said Allan Cunningham truly, "with more sweetness than strength"—a fact on which he positively plumed himself:

Forbye how sweet my numbers flow
And slide away like water.

No doubt, as a magazinist says this month, Shenstone is "a forgotten poet," but, if so, the world is not greatly to be blamed. There is no room for him anywhere but in the anthologies, in which a few of his lyrics ought certainly to appear. There is more vitality in his prose than in his verse, and a fresh reprint of his *Essays on Men and Manners* might very suitably be undertaken.

THE BOOKWORM.

To the Grave of Buchanan there came Company.

Who are we that make demand, and what is it that we bring,

And whence have we come, and why? We were of the dead man known:

We, maids of Shame, we, broken men that serve the soulless King—

We, trulls thrice-sworn of Belial, we, thralls of the Brazen Throne.

And we bring the bitter sighing we denied to Lack of Bread,

And the groans withheld from Pain, and the sorrow unfelt for Sin,

With our slain hopes engarlanded, as tribute to the dead—

With our hot tears bejewelled: Stand off, we would enter in!

We have come—Achon, the way! We have dragged our hearts' black load

From the dismal shire ayond, that was ever our bidding-place;

Our scars are worn to reeking wounds with hardness of the road—

Our griefs are rank in blossom: Avaunt, and give us space!

And the why? His grave is green, and there's mildew on his shroud,

And the brackish firstfruit's reft from the hearts of kin forlorn,

Said is the last faint praise that damns by Hatred unavowed:

Swing ye wide the kirkyard gate: Swing ye wide the kirkyard gate:

We would enter in and mourn!

GEORGE BARTRAM.

Reviews.

The Official "Lowell."

James Russell Lowell: A Biography. By Horace Elisha Scudder. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

THIS is what must, we suppose, be considered the official or standard biography of Lowell. Mr. Scudder's object, he explains, has been to supplement Mr. Eliot Norton's edition of the *Letters* (which we reviewed at the time) by a formal biography, printing only such letters, or parts of letters, as might serve to illustrate his subject. Contrary, in fact, to the fashionable method, he has produced a narrative of Lowell's life, rather than followed the semi-Boswellian plan of leaving Lowell to reveal himself, with a connective setting of narration. This, in spite of the fact that he had supplementary letters of Lowell in his possession. He has relied largely on Lowell's literary writings, collected and uncollected. We are disposed to complain that he has used the letters but too sparingly, and in general has not been too successful in the art of making us feel personal members (so to speak) of Lowell's *entourage*, which is a main element in successful biography. We know, for example, that Lowell, throughout his life, and especially during those brilliant early Boston days, was part of an electric chain of brilliant American mentality. Yet we get no impression, no intimate and realised impression of all that fascinating circle. Lowell remains detached, so far as our personal realisation is concerned. It is only when his own pen is suffered to speak that we get this living sense of environment: we do not, as it seems to us, get it from the biographer. The remedy for this would have been a freer use of letters and impressions—Lowell's or others. But the biography is none the less good, well arranged, sympathetic, and free from any exaggerated partiality. And if it errs at all, it errs on the commendable side of avoiding tedious expansion, the prolix elaboration of *minutiae* which mars so many modern biographies.

Lowell's was, in almost every respect, a fortunate life. He had no more than such amount of early struggle as is good for a healthy and energetic man; he was able to develop himself without impediment through the whole gamut of his faculties; and his abilities obtained complete recognition with no excessive or disheartening delay. For the gods (or, rather, men) to be thus favourable there needs steadiness, social faculty, and not too much originality, but just originality enough. All which happy gifts of the *via media* were Lowell's. He was born and bred under the right conditions for a fine and lettered, yet physically sane and equipoised, bookman, in a *Toryfied* old country seat at Elmwood, Cambridge, New England. His parents combined conservative instincts with democratic principles in just the right proportions to promote that "all-round" mind after so characteristic of their son. Of Charles Lowell, the father, we are told that he was "minister of the West Church in Boston"; but though this may be very clear indication to an American, it leaves an Englishman very vague about his religious sect—nor does Mr. Scudder give us any subsequent enlightenment, except that the father is antithesised with the Episcopalian mother. Charles Lowell is described by his own son as a Dr. Primrose. A preacher of remarkable personal gifts, a zealous parish-worker, mild and disliking violent reforms, above all (from the standpoint of his son's future) a trained lover of literature. A female parishioner, who had decided for reform and public speaking, describes his benign horror at her defection from the feminine domesticities. "In a long white flannel dressing-gown, with a short shoulder-cape hardly reaching to his belt," he rose to receive her from the old easy-chair, and, "standing erect, cried out:

'Child, my child! what is this I hear? Why are you talking to the whole world?' One likes the picture, and is not without sympathy for the old man's distress at women who talk "to the whole world." Lowell's mother was said to have second-sight, and, anyway, was an imaginative creature, who (to our thankfulness) filled "Baby Jammie's" head with Scotch songs and Scotch ballads, like *Annie of Lochroyan*, and its splendid kindred. The work of education (far truer than the learned fowl-gramming of any 'Varsity) was well continued by his eight-year-elder sister Mary, the little nurse who early loved poetry, and read him to sleep—or kept him awake—from Spenser. No wonder that (as it has chanced with so many a poet) the *Faerie Queen* was the first poem he ever read. No wonder, either, that the child was subject to visions, day-dreams, and night-dreams; that he often saw the earth put into his hand like an orange, or of evenings had by his side "a figure in mediæval costume." To these was added the stimulus of nature, and the healthy visions of the outward eye: "the balancing of a yellow butterfly over a thistle-broom was spiritual food and lodging for a whole forenoon."

Lowell's schooldays were no wise different from the schooldays of the average clever boy and youth. The most noteworthy thing is really that merciless training in Latin—at the rod's point, though to him it was never applied—which he received at the boarding school of Mr. William Wells. How many a masterly turn of diction in his prose may we not owe to that? for Lowell was the most scholarly of writers. The other notable feature is his early acquaintance with Emerson, his intimacy with whom largely derived from the "happy fault" which rusticated him temporarily from Harvard to Concord. He attacked Emerson, in those days, for his heterodoxy, though the college verses in which he did so were afterwards regarded as "baby arrows" directed at the "woundless Truth." But despite contributions to the Harvard periodical, clever enough as such things go, he only began to "train on" after he had left college. An unfortunate love affair, and much difficulty in finding a profession, belonged to that period of "thick-sightedness" which Keats deplored as incident to youth. He finally got harnessed to law, but Fate denied him clients and sent him editors. Moreover, he met Maria White, by all accounts a brilliant girl, and she stimulated his own tendency to literature, both before and after their marriage. The natural result was a crop of poems, which, as *A Year's Life*, introduced him to the American public. It was no less just than romantic, for she was his inspiration in all things, even in that anti-slavery crusade of which he was to become so prominent a champion. The centre of a band of young people, the love-letters of Lowell to Maria White were actually passed about among them—an amorous publicity surely without parallel, and which few hero-worships could survive!

A Year's Life brought Lowell immediate reputation, if not money: even Hawthorne thought him the poet of the generation entering on the arena. Strange judgments which could give him such leadership; though Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, and Whittier were in full fecundity, and of that band he was nearly the weakest—in verse. At this time he started the *Pioneer*, short-lived as our own *Germ*, which first brought forward his finest gift, criticism. Young though he was, he was then the recognised brother-in-arms of the brilliant writers whom America has not since rivalled. Poe, Hawthorne, Story, and Dr. Parsons (famous for those two noble stanzas on Dante), contributed to the three numbers which appeared, before Lowell's eyes—and the funds—gave out. But editors became increasingly ready to accept his wares: he was able to marry—somewhat at a venture—and entered on a hot campaign in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, which is memorable in that it

led up to the *Biglow Papers*, with a popular success and a secured fame. Almost simultaneously appeared the *Fable for Critics*, with its sometimes dexterous sketches of American writers and its rather lumbering anapaests. Mr. Scudder thinks it was suggested by Leigh Hunt's *Feast of the Poets*, and that in its turn by Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. But however this be as concerns Lowell (who may then have known more of the sixteenth than the seventeenth century), Leigh Hunt's poem is surely derived—metre and all—from Suckling's happy-go-lucky and sufficiently untrimmed satire on the courtly poets of his day. The device of making Apollo assessor there crops up; and for the metre take a stanza:

Wat Montague first stood forth to his trial,
And did not so much as suspect a denial:
But wiser Apollo asked him first of all
If he understood his own Pastoral?
For if he did, it would plainly appear
That he understood more than any man there.

This is clearly the ancestor of both poems. Thenceforth begins Lowell's triumphant period. For, besides his serious poems, it was crowned by his editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and those contributions to the *North American Review*, afterwards republished in *My Study Windows*. It is by such admirable prose, critical or reflective, as this that Lowell holds his secure pride of place.

It was in the maturity of his life and genius that he was offered the Ambassadorship to Spain, which began his diplomatic career, and added the laurels of a publicist to his full and rich life. Mary White he had already buried, and his second wife—the governess of his children, Frances Dunlap—whose beautiful face looks forth from Mr. Scudder's second volume, died after his transference to the English ambassadorship. These were the two great sorrows of his life, which marred its otherwise serene prosperity. It is here that one would most wish for more letters. Lowell's eminence in the peculiarly American art of after-dinner oratory can only be recorded in a life; though it was the great triumph of these latter years. But he was a letter-writer with excellently observant powers, and his shrewdly genial surveys of new men and things were delightful. During his first European journey, before the *Atlantic Monthly* days, he had shown this gift; and Lowell in Rome is a pleasantly characteristic picture as drawn by himself. Cosmopolitan by nature and reading, there are yet grains of the New England Puritan in him, and sometimes he is quite John Bull in his *noli me tangere* attitude towards the foreigner and the Scarlet Woman. The Church ceremonies, which he did not understand, naturally bored him; and Gregorian, for which he had no taste, bored him still more:

The chief quality of the music is its interminableness, made up of rises and falls, and of the ceremonies generally you may take a yard anywhere as of printed cotton, certain that in figure and quality it will be precisely like what has gone before, and what will follow after. . . . I stood wedged between some very strong devotees (who must have squandered the savings of a year in a garlic debauch) in abject terror lest my head should be colonised from some of the over-populated districts around me.

He meets a Cardinal—evident emissary of Her of Babylon (did not his very scarlet bewray him?)—and True Blue scruples are militant within him, as in the John Bull aforesaid. However:

He was old enough to deserve it, cardinal or not, so we bowed. Never did man get such percentage for an investment. First came off His Eminence's hat. At a respectful interval came that of the confessor, at another respectful interval those of the coachman and footmen.

The amusing thing is the Anglo-Saxon pother and sur-

prise over a very simple piece of Latin courtesy. He sketches brightly the Pincio:

Here one may see all the Fashion and the Title of Rome. Here one may meet magnificent wet-nurses, bare-headed and red-bodied, and insignificant princesses Paris-bonneted and corseted. Here one may see the neat, clean-shirted, short-whiskered, always-conceited Englishman, feeling himself quite a Luther if he have struggled into a wide-awake hat; or the other Englishman with years of careful shaving showing unconquerably through the newly-assumed beard. . . . Here you may see the American, every inch of him, from his hat to his boots, looking careful not to commit himself. . . . Here you may see the worst riding you can possibly imagine: Italians emulating the English style of rising in the stirrups and bumping forlornly in every direction; French officers reminding one of the proverb of setting a beggar on horseback, and John Bulls, with superfluous eye-glass wedged in the left eye, chins run out over white chokers, and a general upward tendency of all the features as who should say, "Regard me attentively but awfully; I am on intimate terms with Lord Fitzpollywog."

The Spanish letters are still better, for the visitor becomes merged in a cordial understanding of the people, while the eye for weaknesses remains. The glimpses of his own domestic life are charming in all his letters. When at length the brave, bright, gentle, wide-sympathised life sets peacefully in that house of Elmwood where it rose, one is left with a warm respect and admiration for the man who lived it out. Except for the latter phase of diplomacy, it is a life devoid of all but literary incident, and possibly one gets a fuller idea of Lowell from his books than from any biography. At once shrewd and expansive, Johnson would have called him a *clubbable* man. His kindness, even to men like Poe, who spoke ill of him, appears strongly in his life. A clever satirist, a poet with dignity and thought, but without impulse, he was a fine critic and a writer of veritably classic prose, having the finest resources of the English tongue at his command. And his name must rank in that select band of American writers who belong not to a country, but to a language.

Long-lost Lyrics.

The Muses Gardin for Delights. By Robert Jones. Edited by W. Barclay Squire. (Blackwell. 5s. net.)

EVERY student of old poetry knows Mr. A. H. Bullen's collections from the Elizabethan song books. Mr. Barclay Squire here offers a little appendix in the shape of a reprint of one of the books which had not been discovered when Mr. Bullen was engaged on his dainty task—Robert Jones's *Muses Gardin for Delights*, 1610.

As criticism would serve no good end at this late day, we propose merely to say that the little book is very fresh and fragrant, and to quote one or two of its best things. Here, for instance, is another example of the Elizabethans' noble habit of building up a eulogy by a series of similitudes:

THE FOUNTAINES SMOAKE.

The fountaines smoake, and yet no flames they shewe,
Starres shine all night, though undesern'd by day,
And trees doe spring, yet are not seeme to growe,
And shadowes moove, although they seeme to stay,
In Winter's woe is buried Summer's blisse,
And Love loves most, when Love most secret is.

The stillest streames describes the greatest deepe,
The clearest skie is subject to a shower,
Conceit's most sweete, whenas it seems to sleepe,
And fairest dayes doe in the morning lower;
The silent groves sweete nimphes they cannot misse,
For Love loves most, where Love most secret is.

The rarest jewels hidden vertue yeeld,
 The sweete of traffique is a secret gaine,
 The yeere once old doth shew a barren field,
 And plants seeme dead, and yet they spring againe;
 Cupid is blind, the reason why is this:
 Love loveth most, where Love most secret is.

There is an agreeable flavour of mature philosophy in the following lyric:

THE SEA HATH MANY THOUSAND SANDS.

The sea hath many thousand sands,
 The sun hath motes as many,
 The skie is full of starres, and love
 As full of woes as any:
 Beleeve me, that doe knowe the elfe,
 And make no tryall by thyselfe.

It is in trueth a prettie toye
 For babes to play withall;
*But O! the honies of our youth
 Are oft our age's gall!*
 Selfe-proofe in time will make thee know
 He was a prophet told thee so.

A prophet that, Cassandra like,
 Tels trueth without beliefe;
 For headstrong youth will runne his race,
 Although his goale be grieft:
 Love's martyr, when his heate is past,
 Proove's Care's confessor at the last.

The two lines which we have italicised put the case with as perfect a brevity as could be attained to.

Here is a promising opening stanza, in a very happy metre:

My father faine would have me take
 A man that hath had a beard,
 My mother shee cries out "Alacke"
 And makes mee much afearde;
 In sooth, I am not olde enough,
 Nowe surely this is goodly stuffe!
 Faith! let my mother burie mee
 Or let some young man marrie me.

The rest of the song is not, however, equal to the start. Another successful exercise in a gay measure turns, as many a song before and since, on a kiss. It begins thus:

There was a wyly ladde
 Met with a bony lasse,
 Much pretie sport they had,
 But I wot not what it was.
 He wooed her for a kisse,
 She plainly said him no,
 "I pray," quoth he,
 "Nay, nay," quoth shee,
 "I pray you let me goe."

Here again there is a slight falling off before the end is reached, although as a song it probably did not cloy. Mr. Squire, however, gives no music, so that we cannot tell whether this was so.

Altogether the little book is a worthy discovery, offering good material to several different kinds of anthologist.

Mr. Gladstone as a Literary Man.

The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By Herbert Woodfield Paul. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

THE ACADEMY is not a political paper, and with Mr. Paul, in so far as he depicts Mr. Gladstone from what may be called the extreme Gladstonian or *Daily News* point of view, we have nothing to do. Where he interests us is

in the relatively few pages in which he speaks of Mr. Gladstone from the literary side, describing him as "a thorough scholar," his mind as "retaining with accuracy an enormous number of facts," and one of his books on Homer as "a monument of erudition." Such eulogies have been the commonplaces of the ultra-Liberal Press for many years past, and they have no doubt had their uses as the shibboleths of a political creed. As, however, they are calculated in every sense to mislead those readers whose own erudition is not profound, we feel bound to give our own unprejudiced opinion on the matter.

Mr. Gladstone, then, had neither erudition, nor the mental equipment necessary for attaining it. Years ago, Macaulay, in reviewing his *State in Its Relations with the Church*, struck the right nail on the head in the words: "Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices," and, further, that "This fault is one which no subsequent care or industry can correct." To judge by his writings alone, it is plain that Mr. Gladstone never approached any historical or literary question without having previously made up his mind as to which side he was going to take, and that his only idea of plunging into it was to bring out those facts which suited his own views, and to ignore those which might have supported his opponents'. Of the troubles into which this habit led him in Homeric matters we prefer not here to speak. Anyone who is anxious to review them can do so by recalling the exposure in these columns by the late Canon Isaac Taylor of *Landmarks of Homeric Study* (see the ACADEMY of November 8, 1890), or the words of the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions* on the same book, that "while Mr. Gladstone was an Homeric scholar among politicians, he was only a politician among Homeric scholars." But it was as a contributor to theological controversy that this habit was most marked, and as this always appeals to a much larger audience than any classical subject it is from this that we shall draw the only instance we have room for.

Now, if there is one fact with which any writer on theology might be expected to be acquainted, it is the great spread of "infidel" or Deist opinion which took place shortly after the Protestants and Catholics in Europe had fought to a standstill. England no more escaped from this than any other nation, and the unbroken succession of so-called Deist writers can be traced from Bolingbroke's works in and about 1756, through Chubb, Toland, and the translators of Voltaire, until Hume arose to give a middle-class vogue to opinions which had hitherto chiefly appealed to the aristocratic few and the wage-earning many. Yet Mr. Gladstone, writing on this very point, ventured to say that "a wave of infidelity was passing over the land" in Bishop Butler's day, which "had dwindled and disappeared" in Johnson's. As Bishop Butler's *Analogy* was first published in 1736, when Samuel Johnson, a contemporary of Hume, was twenty-seven years old, we can only suppose that the date of English writers on Deism was either not one of the enormous number of facts which Mr. Gladstone's mind retained with accuracy, or that he never knew it. If we want other instances of this habit of ignoring the best-known facts of his opponents' case we shall find them by the score in Mr. Gladstone's controversy with Professor Huxley in 1885, which did not, however, prevent him from bringing forth, seven years later, what Mr. J. Williams Benn called that "most regrettable publication," the *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*.

Nothing that we have said must be taken as proving us blind to Mr. Gladstone's many great qualities. No one is more conscious than ourselves of his deep religious conviction, his moral earnestness, and the indomitable courage which led him up to nearly the last year of his life to carry

on a hopeless battle against overwhelming force. In this respect, he has been ill enough served by his friends, and it is difficult to say whether Mr. Gladstone would have repelled with more scorn Professor Bryce's suggestion that he intentionally confused his arguments to prevent his antagonists from finding anything that they could lay hold of, or Mr. Paul's theory, here stated, that at the bottom of his mind there was "a feeling that if you cannot get what you want, you may do anything you like." But the truth is the truth, and, in our opinion, there is nothing in either the matter or the manner of Mr. Gladstone's writings that will make it worth anyone's while to rescue them from the oblivion into which they have deservedly fallen. Unless we are very much mistaken, posterity will think with us.

Rambles in Materialism.

Moral Nerve and the Error of Literary Verdicts. By Furneaux Jordan. (Kegan Paul.)

MR. JORDAN deprecates in advance the use of the word materialist, nor should we bestow it upon him could we discover what else to call him. He tells us that matter—of which he seems to consider energy or force an attribute—is "uncreateable, indestructible, eternal, limitless"; that our knowledge of the universe depends on our nerves; that anything "spiritual" or supernatural is for us a negligible quantity; and that our lives, our capacity for good and evil, and our achievements are predetermined for us at our birth by the physical constitution of our brains. All this may be very true, and it is certain that many thinkers at the present day will be inclined to agree with him; but unfortunately, instead of setting to work to prove these propositions, he contents himself with enunciating them. From this there arises this dilemma: those who are as frankly materialist as himself will hardly thank Mr. Jordan for a book that says nothing that they could not say for themselves; while those who cling to the older beliefs are not likely to abandon them at Mr. Jordan's orders.

This grumble over, there is much that is suggestive here. Mr. Jordan does well to remind us that the Reformation, like most other great religious movements, brought as its immediate effect, not the elevation but the depravation of public morals. He scores, too, neatly against Mr. Herbert Spencer's objection to militarism with the quotation from Professor Tylor that "the changes which have shaped the descendants of wild hordes into civilised nations have been in great measure the work of the war chiefs," and the deduction he draws from Mr. Spencer's own utterances that no nation can be perfectly peaceful till all are peaceful. Not less apt is the remark that while the lower animals have ideas of morality that differ only in degree from those of man, they do not, like him, allow those who offend against them to perpetuate a race of criminals. To take his own instance, "When the vagabond wolf and the rogue elephant are driven forth from their communities they may not take mates with them and propagate their like," and we gather that he would impose a similar disability upon human criminals of the irreclaimable type. All that he says as to the *rationale* of the punishment of crime seems to be extremely sensible, and his proposition that as the crimes of anarchists appear to be due to morbid vanity, the best way with them would be to humiliate that vanity by having them whipped by women is worth consideration. It would cease to be effective so soon as Mr. Jordan's millennial views as to the perfect equality of the sexes become general, but in the interval it would probably have time enough to improve anarchism off the face of the earth.

In the second part of his book, which corresponds with his sub-title, Mr. Jordan plunges into what he calls literary, but which we should ourselves be more inclined to style popular, verdicts. He tries to find some distinction between the literary and the scientific view of morals, and thinks that he has done so by the assertion that "the literary class seeks first of all comfort . . . and does not object to the acquisition of such truths as are not incompatible with comfort"; while "the leading note of the scientific class is that its first care is for truth, and next for such comfort as may be consistent with truth." Following this up, we find that the charge resolves itself into one that many distinguished men of letters—Tennyson, John Stuart Mill, and Wordsworth—have spoken disrespectfully of physical science, and that Froude committed himself to the audacious opinion that if Latimer had never lived the course of the Church of England would have been different. As this last opinion clashes with the doctrine of evolution, it is peculiarly offensive to Mr. Jordan; but did he never hear of the fallacy of judging from insufficient instances? Had he done so, he might have remembered that Buckle, although a typical member of the peccant literary class, was one of the first to draw attention to the exaggerated importance till then attached to individual influence on history. Incidentally, it leads Mr. Jordan into an entertaining digression on the connection between material prosperity and religion, and to a consideration of the fact that while Protestantism is getting less Protestant every day, Catholicism gets more violently Catholic in the countries still devoted to it. From this he draws the conclusion that it is their national characteristics, and not their Protestantism, that have caused the Teutonic nations to outstrip the Celts in the race for wealth. As for England, he considers that as she once professed an easy-going Catholicism, so she will in the near future tend to an easy-going Agnosticism, a course which will apparently meet with Mr. Jordan's approval. It will be gathered from what we have said that the tone of Mr. Jordan's book is distinctly didactic, and that he troubles himself neither with logic nor with straining after style. How much of this is due to the fact that Mr. Jordan is, as we see from his title-page, a doctor, and therefore accustomed to speak *ex cathedra*, we will not stop to inquire. But the book is amusing, and has the saving grace of being short.

Admirals All.

Types of Naval Officers. By Captain A. T. Mahan. (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. net.)

CAPTAIN MAHAN has again laid the British Navy, and all who study naval affairs, under an obligation by his new book. We live in an age of ironclads, and most of us have never known any other form of battleship. To us all naval history may be roughly divided into (a) Wooden ships with sails, and (b) Iron and steel ships driven by steam. But though during the eighteenth century men-of-war were built of wood and worked by sails, that period was one of constant evolution and progress. "Between the beginning and the end a great change is found to have been effected, which naturally and conveniently is associated with the names of the most conspicuous actors; although they are not the sole agents, but simply the most eminent." Of these most eminent men, therefore, those whom Captain Mahan has taken to illustrate his thesis are Hawke, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, De Saumarez, and Exmouth, Nelson and his group not being dealt with because their personalities and methods bear the stamp of genius and of originality, and where originality is found classification ceases to apply. The genius is not a type.

In the years preceding Hawke and Rodney professional theory and practice had sunk to a very low level in the

British Navy, and the now nearly forgotten miscarriage of Admiral Mathews off Toulon in 1744, and the miserable incompetency of Byng at Minorca in 1756, marked the bottom of the curve line. Hawke and Rodney raised the Navy from the inefficiency of Mathews and Byng to the crowning glories of the Nile and Trafalgar. The "Fighting Instructions" at the beginning of the eighteenth century had become crystallised, and officers in command were absolutely afraid to deviate in any way from the letter of the law as laid down in that code. But the pendulum was beginning to swing back again, and the younger men perceived that something must be done to lift naval strategy from its stagnation. In Admiral Mathews' unfortunate action Captain Hawke, the future Admiral, was the one man who showed dash and initiative, and he and Rodney may be considered to complement each other and to constitute together a single type. "While both were men of unusually strong personality, private as well as professional, and with very marked traits of character, their great relation to naval advance is that of men who by natural faculty detect and seize upon incipient ideas, for which the time is ripe, and upon the practical realisation of which the healthful development of the profession depends." In Hawke and Rodney is summed up the improvement of system to which Nelson and his contemporaries fell heirs, and which gave them immortality. These two officers are the types of that element of change in virtue of which their profession grows. Nelson clapping the telescope to his blind eye and ignoring his admiral's signal would hardly have been possible had not Hawke and Rodney sailed their ships through the red tape of the "Fighting Instructions."

The other four naval commanders of whom Captain Mahan treats exemplify principally the conservative forces, the permanent features in the strength of which the naval profession exists, and in the absence of any one of which it droops and succumbs. As types they stand side by side, though on a slightly lower plane, with the two great leaders; Howe, the general officer, as tactician; Jervis, the general officer, as disciplinarian and strategist; De Saumarez, the Fleet officer and division commander; and Pellew, Lord Exmouth, as the frigate captain and partisan officer. There was no standing still, even in the days of sailing ships. From Blake the Navy fell to Mathews, and then rose again, thanks to Hawke and Rodney and the rest, to Nelson, and from Toulon and Minorca to the Nile and Trafalgar. We have only to read the account of Admiral Mathews off Toulon in 1744, and then to read of Nelson's masterful tactics at Trafalgar in a somewhat analogous battle, to realise how much he owed to the great commanders whom Captain Mahan has taken as his types of naval officers.

A Corner of Christendom.

A Study of Modern Anglicanism. By Gordon Milburn. (Sonnenschein.)

THE English Church is at least as anomalous as any other part of the English Constitution. With all the paraphernalia of dogmatic absolutism she is the most tolerant of mothers, who has long ceased to exact from her children more than the outward form of acquiescence. Her Articles of Religion still stand for an ensign; but they are an equivocal standard about which musters a strangely various host, with eyes turned for the most part by preference in any other direction. It is worth the while of the curious to speculate as to the centripetal force that brings together parties so dissimilar as those into which the Establishment notoriously is divided, and to endeavour to justify the

cohesion of elements so heterogeneous that at first view it might seem that they would exist more happily apart.

To the party which may be called Catholic-minded is assigned as its dominant note reverence; out of which, and the consequent appreciation of the malice of sin, grows the notion of saintliness as an art. As soon as the practical importance of the secondary and subordinate features of this art, its creeds and ritual observances, leads its exponents to attribute to them "a theoretic importance destructive of the purity of religious thought," the need for a reaction becomes sensible; it is in the aspect of a reaction, rather than as a thing-in-itself, that Protestantism has the reason of its being. It is a corrective. As for the Church of England, the present is with the High Church school, says Mr. Milburn; "then Liberalism will have its day." His description of the nature and tendencies of that principle is the more interesting because, while his sympathy with what he calls Catholicism is fervent, he writes himself down a Liberal. Theological Liberalism appears mainly as a criticism of traditional opinions:

Liberals may not inappropriately regard themselves as parasites of the Church, men whose vision of God is dependent upon the possession of a more orthodox faith by others. Liberalism cannot exist alone. It presupposes a comparatively orthodox type, whose convictions it endeavours to throw into a more philosophically adequate form. But when the orthodox type goes the Liberal amendments will gradually go also.

His general view of the future of Christendom is a vision of many communions, for the most part delimited by national boundaries, working their way from wisdom to wisdom as these several forces correct one another's influence, strengthened with an abiding sense of fallibility that is never afraid to correct and better the past. That, of course, is by way of direct antithesis to the teaching and claims of Rome, to which, nevertheless, Mr. Milburn seems to have given serious consideration. His answer to the *a priori* argument for the claims of the Papacy based upon the necessity for a divine revelation that shall be certain (and the need, therefore, for an infallible teacher) is sketched with a skill that will justify quotation:

In the manifested spirit and character of Jesus Christ as appreciated in the light of the Resurrection, in the life He lived, in the things He said, in the impression that He made, the living reality of God seemed to flash forth visibly and tangibly before them. . . . In theological language this fact is called the Christian "Revelation," i.e., the "Unveiling" of God in Christ as the great fact upon which the Christian religion rests. But Romanists, ignoring the fact that "Revelation" is simply a name given to this particular aspect of the life of Christ . . . argue as if Revelation were a mathematical axiom of which as much might legitimately be made as ingenuity could devise. And so a Romanist argues not from the fact of Revelation, but from his, the traditional Roman, idea of what Revelation "must" be, back to an entirely imaginary historical situation.

The Roman Catholic position is, of course, maintained by various lines of ratiocination that converge upon a point; but so far as this particular argument is concerned, we know of no scheme upon which a reply might be more effectively built up.

If Mr. Milburn is still busy thinking about the subject of this essay, we should recommend him to devote particular attention to two points. In the first place, he seems to us to give undue weight to the note of episcopacy as essential to the "Catholic" idea—especially in view of the fact that the Anglican episcopate does not enjoy the complete confidence of the other national episcopates of the world. Secondly, granting, if he likes, the importance of decentralisation to the welfare of the diffused Church, why pay particular regard to parcels so arbitrary and fluctuating as the nation?

Other New Books.

Unofficial Despatches. By Edgar Wallace. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

FROM South Africa, of course. As becomes a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, Mr. Wallace models his style on that of the late G. W. Steevens, and succeeds fairly well, though he does not quite possess the fitness of phrase and the touch of scholarship which illumined his master's work. But he is nothing if not picturesque, and the following extract will give an idea of his method. Mr. Wallace, an Engineer corporal, and three privates are on a trolley running along the line looking for dynamite mines in a country infested by Boers. The corporal and a private are lying at full length with their heads just over the fore end of the trolley and with their faces about twenty inches above the rail. The other two men are trundling the car along, and dawn is approaching. "Suddenly—'Brake! brake! for God's sake!' He has seen something on the line—a something snuggled close to the rail—an ominous, shapeless something that has no right to be there. In a moment you see there is not time to jump for it; you can hardly rise to your feet in the time. Then a swift hand snatches up a rifle, the rifle is poised for a moment before the whirring wheels of the trolley, then dropped cross-wise on to the metals. There is a jump, a bone-racking thud, thud, thud, as the wheels kick up against the sleepers; the next moment there is an overturned trolley with wheels still running, and five human beings sprawling unhurt upon the veldt; but the five little sticks of dynamite with the upturned percussion cap are untouched. Only a broken rifle a few feet from them shows where the trolley left the line." This is excellent journalism. Mr. Wallace is a trifle unjust to Lord Kitchener at the close, but that is want of perspective and the natural inability of a man who has been face to face with death upon the veldt to realise the power of cant and hypocrisy in this country.

Le Tour du Monde, en 63 Jours. Par Gaston Stiegler. (Paris: Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie. 2frs. 50c.)

It is about thirty years ago that Jules Verne sent his hero Phineas Fogg round the world in eighty days. The novelist, who is still alive at Amiens, has seen the eighty days, which were then considered a record, beaten on several occasions, notably by M. Gaston Stiegler, who has just imitated and defeated Fogg in the interests of a Paris newspaper. Before the start there were many speculations as to how long a man should take in the circuit, not of the globe, but of the northern hemisphere. Jules Verne, in an amusing letter, laid it down that thirty-three or thirty-four days should now be sufficient, while a friend on the boulevards, who was himself no traveller, told M. Stiegler that he would be "*la dernière des tortues*" if he took as many as sixty days on the road, a designation which the traveller earned by a margin of three days. He was not over well-equipped for his task, for he confesses that he had never paid any attention to "sport" or "records," and his linguistic capacity may be judged by his statement that he dislikes both words—"sport" because it is English, and "record" because no one knows its origin. M. Stiegler travelled to St. Petersburg by the Siberian railway to Vladivostock, across to Japan, and Victoria in British Columbia; then to New York, Queenstown, London, and Paris. His full time was sixty-four days and four hours, but deducting an unnecessary delay in London, he reduces it to sixty-three days thirteen hours. As is usual in works of travel written by Frenchmen, the book is less valuable for its description of foreign places than for its uncon-

scious revelations of the author's personality. M. Stiegler's perception is not keen, for he managed to travel over 34,000 kilometres without finding out that "record" is an English word. Happily his camera was more observant than its master, and the photographs with which the book is illustrated atone for any lack of descriptive power in the text.

Insect Life. By J. H. Fabre. Translated from the French by the Author of *Mademoiselle Mori*. With a Preface by David Sharp, M.A., F.R.S., and Edited by F. Merrifield. (Macmillan. 6s.)

FOUR writers have gone to the English version of this book, including the French author. It is an extraordinary division of labour, but we are glad of the translation, by whatever process ushered into the world. Here is natural history in earnest. M. Fabre's great predecessor, Réaumur, wrote six quarto volumes of *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire*—what of! Kings or statesmen? No, dear reader; *des insectes*. Merely *mémoires pour servir*, if you please! That is treating our diminutive brethren with something like respect. M. Fabre's *Souvenirs Entomologiques*—just *reminiscences* of insects he has known—runs to seven volumes, of which this is the first. It is a glorifiable book; explorations among a scanty-known people, compared with which what are the manners and customs of stupid savages? M. Fabre knows and loves them; he writes about them with enthusiasm and a fascinating style. It is a work of first-rate original science, but it is also more interesting than nine hundred and ninety-nine novels in a thousand. Did you ever know, for instance, what an interesting people were the Sacred Beetles, the Scarabaei famous in Egyptian mythology? They are scavengers, feeding on dung, which they shape into balls, and roll to a suitable place for excavating a dining-hole, into which they drop the ball, get inside, shut the doors (so to speak), and solemnly fall-to like aldermen on venison and turtle soup. You see the Scarab, in the frontispiece, apparently playing "football" with a ball as big as himself, which he kicks with his hind legs. But the details are the thing! How a comrade will come up and politely help in rolling the ball, until the owner is busy in digging out the dining-room, when the rogue runs off with the dinner. Overtaken by the expostulating proprietor, he abstractedly hugs it in his arms, and explains that, the thing having somehow rolled away, he was just bringing it back, when his dear friend so fortunately came up in time to help him. The owner swallows the story with what grace he may (profoundly thankful that the fellow hasn't swallowed the dinner), and they roll it back to the dining-hole once more. Having got inside and shut themselves in, they squat one on each side of the ball, like two fat boys with an immense plum-pudding between them, and (as aforesaid) gorge. That is a small sample of the manners and customs which fill this book on insects, and not an insect in it is a dull dog.

Famous Houses of Bath and District. By J. F. Meehan. (Meehan. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is not a favourable example of that copious topographical literature which has improved so notably in quality during the last few years. It is, it is true, handsomely printed, and the writer's obvious acquaintance with his subject preserves him from the pitfalls that surround the ill-informed; but it is impossible to give it further praise. Most of the process blocks with which it is illustrated are unsatisfactory because, obviously made for printing on coarse paper, whereas they are here produced on paper with a highly-finished surface. This is the more to be regretted since many of them are from hitherto unpublished drawings—and very good drawings,

too—by the late Mr. H. V. Lansdown, who made it his business to prepare water-colour sketches of the famous houses of Bath. Far too many of these buildings, associated with the great names of the eighteenth century, have been demolished, despite their interesting history and their often excellent classical architecture. Not Mr. Ralph Allen's house has escaped, for part of it is gone, and what remains has been converted into tenements. Mr. Meehan has had to draw so extensively upon the memoirs and gossip of the days when Beau Nash issued his decrees, when Sheridan Wood and Gainsborough painted, when Jane Austen and Dr. Johnson and Hannah More visited the City of Bladud, that his book necessarily contains much that is interesting, if familiar. Lord Dufferin, in his sixteen-line introduction, is hardly excessive when he says of Bath that "probably there is no city in Great Britain that has been the home of so many distinguished men during the eighteenth century." It is, however, to be supposed that Sheridan's great-grandson would limit the description to provincial towns. The subject and Mr. Lansdown's drawings deserved a better book; but it is at least something to be grateful for that the present state of these landmarks should have been put on record—since it is hardly likely that the people of Bath will be satisfied until they have destroyed, or degraded, a few more of them.

The Dawn of Modern Geography. By C. R. Beazeley. (Murray. 18s.)

It is difficult for us to whom all parts of the world are known to understand the ignorance in which Christian Europe stagnated with regard to the rest of the globe a thousand years ago. In a previous volume Mr. Beazeley has already examined the history of modern geography from the conversion of the Roman Empire to the close of the ninth century; in his present volume he deals with his subject from A.D. 900-1260. In those days geography was not a "subject"; no one took any heed of it, and probably geographer was a polite synonym for liar. Nor would such a manner of looking at the reports of early travellers be altogether undeserved if we judge by the ancient maps which Mr. Beazeley has reproduced in this book, and which are a reckless compound of much fancy and little fact. Schoolboys then had but scanty geography lessons, but at the commencement of the period under discussion several officious persons began to disturb their serenity. These were the Vikings—or rather, Northmen—who began to explore the north-west, for piratical, it is to be feared, rather than scientific reasons. Then came the pilgrims, the Hebrew travellers, diplomats, missionaries, and trade adventurers, all of whom re-discovered lands to the east of Europe, and prepared the way for coming geographers and paper-setters in Civil Service examinations. It is a fascinating subject, and Mr. Beazeley's book is a monument of learning, but it can only lightly be touched on here. There is a world of humour in the reproductions of old maps given in this volume. They are so remarkably unlike what we are now given to understand is the true appearance of the earth's surface that it is impossible to forego the suspicion that these old cartographers were not above indulging in a solemn jest at the expense of their less-travelled countrymen.

There is only one thing at all wrong with *Who's Who*. It is beginning to suffer from corpulency. The 1901 edition was 1½ inches thick, the 1902 edition is 2 1-12 inches thick. Yet of fatty degeneration we detect not a symptom. The expansion appears to be entirely natural and inevitable. We are all candidates for inclusion in *Who's Who*, and that some folks get there is made certain by a comparison

between the 1,000th pages in the 1901 and 1902 editions respectively. The first carries you as far as Professor Schuster, in the second we travel no farther than Colonel Patch. The total increase of text pages on last year is 190. There is no doubt that all who wish to know what's what must possess themselves of *Who's Who*.

Messrs. Mudie have for some years been introducing more science into their Catalogue, and this year the advance is especially marked. The most valuable addition, in our opinion, is a list of novels classified historically, topographically, and topically. We should like to see this feature developed and its typographical *coup d'œil* improved somewhat in future years. It is worth a great deal of space. We can, of course, see omissions; for instance, among novels of "East End and Slum Life" Mr. Gissing's *The Nether World* ought to have a place; and, similarly, under "Suburban and Lower Middle Classes," Mr. Gissing's *In the Year of Jubilee*, a study of Camberwell, and Mrs. Dudeney's story, *The Maternity of Harriett Wicken*. It is strange, too, that under "London" there is no mention of Thackeray, either directly or by cross reference. But a good and laborious beginning has been made, and we hope to see this feature grow in bulk and clearness. Messrs. Mudie are in the way to make their Catalogue a valuable book of reference; indeed, it is that already.

That useful annual, *The Catholic Directory*, now in its sixty-fifth year, is again punctually issued by Messrs. Burns and Oates.

To his very dainty edition of the prose works of Thackeray Mr. Dent adds, this week, *Pendennis* in three volumes. The editor, Mr. Walter Jerrold, quotes Thackeray to his mother, August 11, 1848: "I opened my fire yesterday with the first chapter of *Pendennis*, and have had another good spell this morning before breakfast, such a good one as authorised two mutton chops along with my coffee." Our latter-day novelists are doubtless similarly authorised, but can they eat them? Mr. Charles E. Brock's illustrations will be pleasing to very many.

Fiction.

Love Like a Gipsy. By Bernard Capes. (Constable. 6s.)

MR. CAPE'S case must trouble any careful critic. In ideas, in command of words, in fidelity to an ideal of narrative, he is far ahead of the ordinary novelist of the day. And yet he is difficult to read. His novels are too literary. They might be written by the head-master of an Academy of Fiction, in which case they would do the pupils equal good and harm. They would do them good by their example of laborious tapestry work, harm by the excess of the rendering process over the subject to be rendered. Mr. Capes must needs transmute each plain thing into its psychological equivalent or astral body. If he has to describe a blow in the eye he insists on gathering up the obscure and swift impressions created by the blow in the instant of its reception. He delights to arrest the incoherence. Another romancist would let the difficult moment pass, and describe a blow as an exercise of energy on matter. Take the following paragraph from *Love Like a Gipsy*:

Coming swiftly to the open space that separated his shed from Flux's, he ran before he could stop himself into the knowledge of a strange little quarrelling sound. A crest of quills, bristling as if in rage, a shell-like gleam of teeth and eyeballs in a clay-yellow face were lifted to him. He caught a glimpse of a hand strenuous at a scalp, in the red thick of which a knife was sunk; and, remembering the scream of a moment ago, he flogged down into the face with the heavy butt of his weapon, and resolved all into a huddle.

Do you easily gather that this describes the hero's rush through a horde of Red Indians who have attacked a snow-bound fort on the Hudson River? But Mr. Capes may plead his context. We answer that the description of a slaying in "a romance" should be plain and vivid were its context a thousand miles away.

A "constant supply" of cold water is admittedly a good thing, but a constant supply of spiced wine is not so good. That is the trouble with Mr. Capes. His method, of course, has its moments. When the right material passes under his pen, you get excellence. When Captain St. John, after his encounter with a highwayman, is being brought to Wodens Abbey, held on horseback in a half-comatose state, you have this cleverly-wrought account of his feelings:

While still short of the descent, the party wheeled into a by-road going through gorse-bushes; and presently tall iron gates opened to receive them into a drive, close, and soft-smelling, and silent as sleep. He accepted it all, smilingly catapeltic—the cavalcade, the torches, the leaping of flame upon great branches writhed down like snakes to scrutinise their passing; the huge square house that rose suddenly upon them as they turned a corner; the vision of a porch glaring like an open furnace, in the swirling smoke of which stood a little plump lady with a macaw's face and a macaw's brilliant eye arched over with a double thickness of brow. It was an Arabian pageant, that was certain, and he was a helpless but essential part of it.

That is all right, though hardly the stuff of romance. So is this touch:

She was . . . a little pouter-breasted slip-shod person in a dirty crimson *négligé* and shady cap.

But Mr. Capes pitches his style in such high falsetto that it defeats its own end. Its renderings of the trivial weary the reader by a multiplicity of conceits and elaborations, so that the thrice-mannered manner obsesses the ear, and is thought of just when it should be forgotten. Mr. Capes's manner reacts, of course, on his matter, and the situations of the artless novelette are often disguised nearly—but, alas, never quite—out of recognition in gleaming tissues and glintings of barbaric pearl.

The Cigarette Smoker. By C. Ranger Gull. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

THIS is a tract against cigarette-smoking, and as some tracts deal largely in hell-fire, so this emphasises the physical and mental perdition that may overtake the confirmed cigarette smoker. Uther Kennedy's case is, of course, greatly overdrawn. The authorities quoted by Mr. Gull in his preface, and his assurance that "the horrible case of Uther Kennedy is possible in all its details," cannot alter this fact. The portrayal of a cigarette-smoker's tragedy as a side issue in a novel of general life and manners would be far more effective in the end than a pathological nightmare such as Mr. Gull has given us. Granted the pathological nightmare, the thing is not ill done, though the power given to Mitchell, the valet, to defeat the vigilance of a trained doctor is absurd. What is a valet doing in a small seaside cottage? Dr. Chamberlain's report to Kennedy's London doctor admitting that within the four walls of this cottage Kennedy was obtaining cigarettes by some secret and impenetrable method, and enclosing a plan of the rooms, is the emptiest Sherlock-Holmesism. It is introduced in order that the cigarette-smoker's passion for the weed and his ingenuity in obtaining it may be illustrated by Kennedy's plan of drawing the smoke through the wall dividing his room from that of the rascally valet, who applies a lighted cigarette to the improvised tube at an agreed hour of the night.

If crude and graphic description of the physical and mental horrors supervening on excessive cigarette-smoking

can warn, then this book, with its cover decorated by a skull and crossed cigarettes, may do some good. But the accumulation of horrors in the fates of Uther Kennedy and Leopold Aspremont, who finally die together in an orgie of smoke in a Montmartre studio, is simply a wild parable in which the novelist's licence, and the specialist's, are stretched to the uttermost. Oddly enough, Mr. Gull understates one crude and outward evidence of the cigarette habit. He makes his debauchees exhibit the two first fingers stained yellow. But it is no uncommon thing to see half the hand so marked—the ensign unfurled.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the *Week's Fiction* are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE YELLOW FIEND.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

We thought the yellow fiend must be the Chinese Boxer, but immediately our eye fell on happenings like these: "I saw how well this young lady could manage when Mrs. Pinnock sprained her ankle"; and "Then she put eau de Cologne on her handkerchief, and Madge took her milk and began to look more herself." The story may be called domestic, and the yellow fiend is a miser's gold. (Unwin. 6s.)

GOD WILLS IT.

BY WILLIAM STEARN DAVIS.

This is the American historical novel with all the usual symptoms clearly developed. The subject is the first Crusade. "As Richard entered the hounds sprang up, growling, with grinning teeth, and a sharp brattling voice broke out: 'Out of the room, pestilent monk. Hurry to perdition with your cordials, or I set my dogs on you. Give me the head of Raoul de Valmont, then stab me if you will!'" (The Macmillan Co. 6s.)

THE RANEE'S RUBIES.

BY DR. HELEN BOURCHIER.

This is not the lost jewel melodrama which its title may suggest, but a study of Zenana life in India. The ordinary reader is likely to be intimidated by such characters as the Ranee Sahib, the Miss Sahib, the Mem Sahib, and all the other Sahibs. And by sentences like: "Has the Punditjee been again to the house of Padre Sahib?" or "'Even as you say, Habeeba Bee,' Boojee-ki-boo answered." (Treherne. 6s.)

THE LADY ALGIVE.

BY LUCY A. ELLEN WADSWLEY.

It is perhaps a relief, on the whole, that this "Tale of Priestcraft," with its motto, "Red in tooth and claw, Their feet are swift to shed blood," and its dedication "To those who are haters of all uncharitableness," and its characterisation of Father Arnuf as the "vilest man on earth"—it is perhaps a relief, we say, to find that this story does not open in Farm Street in 1902, but on the road to Leominster in "the latter part of the reign of Hardicanute." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

FALLEN FROM FAVOUR.

BY JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

"Neither Lady Cranmore nor Lady Yvonne had calculated on the sensation she would produce when she appeared gowned in one of Paquin's dainty black creations. The effect was electrical. Everyone was asking who she was, and would scarcely believe when they were told she was only 'little Lambton,' Meta's governess. Had she been a demoiselle of high degree she could not have looked more *distinguée*." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

WHERE HONOUR LEADS.

BY MARIAN FRANCIS.

This novel of family life and patriotism in the days of George II. opens in a Yorkshire parsonage. The hero enters the Army, and is present at the battle of Fontenoy on the losing side. The story is well conceived and told. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

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Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

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The Decline of Oratory,

And the Disraeli Tradition.

ONE of the most notable features of modern political life is the great decline in the interest taken by the public in Parliamentary debates. The *Times* is now almost the only London daily newspaper that gives a full report of Parliamentary proceedings. The influence of the Legislature in the formation of public opinion is a steadily decreasing force. The Press has almost entirely monopolised the attention which was once given to the House of Commons. The editorial "leader" is perused with interest, while the report of the Parliamentary debates is altogether ignored. This decline of interest in the discussions at St. Stephens is not a satisfactory feature of political life. Disraeli, it is true, prophesied the growth of the power of the Press at the expense of Parliament in *Coningsby* nearly sixty years ago. But it is, none the less, a regrettable fact that the electorate should be losing their interest in the proceedings of their representatives. The man who reads the Parliamentary reports has, at all events, the advantage of hearing both sides of the question. He can form a better opinion on the topics of the day than if he confined himself to the "leaders" of a party newspaper.

Many causes have contributed to the neglect of Parliamentary discussions. One cause, at least, is not far to seek. Anybody who compares the speeches that were delivered in the House of Commons fifty or a hundred years ago with the speeches that are to be heard to-day, will recognise a vast falling off in literary quality. "Some of these men talk like Demosthenes and Cicero," said Burke of the Parliamentary orators of his youth, "and I feel when I am listening to them as if I were in Athens or Rome." The most extravagant eulogist of modern oratory would never dream of making an assertion approaching that of Burke. There never was a time when the speeches of public men were less worthy of perusal from the oratorical point of view than they are in the present age. There is plenty of cheap fluency; there is little literary grace. The apt quotations from the classics, which once adorned the debates in both Houses, have disappeared as completely as stocks and flowered waistcoats. Many people would allege that speakers ought not to strive after literary grace. They would assert that the best speech is the speech that sets forth as plainly as possible the views which it advocates. It is fortunate that Cicero and Burke did not take this view. Disraeli records that, when Lord George Bentinck was urged to become leader of the Protectionists in 1846, he refused to accept the post for a peculiar reason. Bentinck took Canning as his model, and he considered that, as he did not possess Canning's brilliancy, clearness, and wit, he ought not to take the place which was offered to him. It was pointed out to him that Parliamentary life had changed since Canning's time, and it was suggested that facts and a knowledge of commerce and of the laws of political economy would be suffi-

cient for his work. Bentinck's reply was short. "If Mr. Canning were alive," he said, "he could do all this better than any of them, and be not a whit less brilliant."

The last member of the House of Commons to sustain the old traditions was Disraeli. "He has charmed the House," said Bagehot in 1876, just after Disraeli's elevation to the peerage, "and has given debates in which he took part a kind of nice literary flavour, which others had not, and which there is no one left to give to them." Many lovers of literature were glad to welcome Mr. Herbert Vivian's recent interesting revival of *The Rambler*, because it was stated that one of the objects of the revived periodical was "a return to those literary graces which Johnson adorned in *The Rambler* and Disraeli on the hustings." A new interest would be lent to political rhetoric if the world could once again hear such speeches as Disraeli delivered to the electors of Wycombe and Taunton in the thirties. The wit and oratorical style of the Tory statesman were unique. While he ran an adversary through the body, says Froude, he charmed even his enemies by the skill with which he did it. He was a master of phrases, and studied the capabilities of language with an interest rare among politicians. The poet Keats once said of himself, that he looked upon fine phrases like a lover. Something of the same appreciation may be traced in Disraeli. He ruled the House of Commons by that "witchcraft in his tongue" which characterised Cardinal Wolsey, as depicted by Shakespeare. He possessed all the oratorical gifts which he ascribed to Arundel Dacre in *The Young Duke*: "The withering sarcasm that blasted like the simoon; the brilliant sallies of wit that flashed like a sabre; the gushing eddies of humour that drowned all opposition, and overwhelmed those ponderous and unwieldy arguments, which the producers announced as rocks, but which he proved to be porpoises."

As a young man Disraeli had studied as all men must study who aspire to be orators. In his romance of *Contarini Fleming*, in which he shadowed forth his own ambitious boyhood, he tells how his hero wrote romances and threw them into the water, and composed pages of satire and sentiment, and grew intoxicated with his own eloquence. Contarini pondered over the music of language, studied the cultivation of sweet words, and constructed elaborate sentences in lonely walks. Wilkes described Chatham as having given all his mind "to the studying of words and rounding of sentences." Disraeli, in his youth, must often have employed himself in the same occupation as he wandered among the woods of Bradenham. Lecky has pointed out how many of Chatham's sentences and turns of phraseology are remembered even at the present day. Disraeli resembled Chatham in his power of coining sentences and passages which clung to the popular memory. Many of Disraeli's sayings have become current coin of the language. His description of Peel as "a burglar of other people's intellects," and of his life as "as one huge appropriation clause"; his famous description of Gladstone as "a sophisticated rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity"; his comparison of the Ministry of 1868 to "a range of exhausted volcanoes"; his happy use of the phrase, *sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*: his invention of the term, "The Manchester School"; his question, arising out of the discussion on the origin of species, Is man an ape or an angel? and his declaration that he was on the side of the angels; his reference to Peel as one who had "caught the Whigs bathing, and run away with their clothes"; his description of the Zulus, *apropos* of Bishop Colenso's researches and the Prince Imperial's death, "A very remarkable people the Zulus, they defeat our generals, they convert our bishops, they have settled the fate of a great European dynasty"; these and a hundred other sayings

and comparisons were repeated and recollected by friend and foe alike.

Something of Disraeli's skill as an orator was doubtless due to his work as a novelist. Crassus said, and Lord Brougham repeated, that nothing assisted a speaker so much as the use of the pen. As a writer of romances Disraeli exhibited literary powers so conspicuous that more than one eminent critic has regretted that he did not devote himself exclusively to literature. "May one not lament," says Leslie Stephen, "the degradation of a promising novelist into a Prime Minister?" *Contarini Fleming* called forth the praises of such princes of literature as Goethe and Heine. Of *Henrietta Temple* Keibel has justly said that the love passages remind one of *Romeo and Juliet*, and that the scene in the sponging house might have been written by Fielding. The description of Jerusalem in *Tancred*, the account of Queen Victoria's first Council in *Sybil*, and the passage describing the reverie of *Contarini Fleming* after the conference of the Ambassadors, are almost perfect specimens of literary excellence. For the writing of novels Disraeli had one qualification. His whole existence was spent in a world of romance. His pictures of life and society are clothed with a poetic light which was far from obvious to the man in the street. Like his own favourite painter, Murillo, he could give dignity to a battered wine-skin or the rags of a beggar-boy. The lively fancy of Don Quixote turned clowns into cavaliers and servant wenches into ladies of high degree. Something of the same tendency was exhibited by Disraeli. Like the Knight of La Mancha, he saw the heroic in the men and things of common life. He idealised everything. The eggs on a dish of bacon reminded him of tufts of primroses. He was laughed at for conferring on the simple appurtenances of Hughenden names which suggested palaces rather than a country manor house. He called his drawing-room the saloon, and his pond the lake. He dwelt upon the beauties of the terrace walks, the "Golden Gate," and the "German Forest." Many of the personages in his novels are idealised portraits of his own friends. Coningsby was the Honourable George Smythe, the "splendid failure"; Lord Henry Sydney was the Duke of Rutland; Count Ferrol was Prince Bismarck; Cardinal Grandison was Cardinal Manning. Disraeli's Marquis of Monmouth and Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne were both drawn from the same original—the Marquis of Hertford. Yet what a difference between the two portraits! What young Duke was ever so complete an embodiment of perfection as Disraeli's *Young Duke*? What Jewish banker ever equalled Sidonia, who had exhausted all the sources of human knowledge, and who was the master of all tongues, dead or living, and of every literature, Western and Oriental?

The mind of Disraeli was filled with those dreams and imaginings which, to the ordinary man, are foolishness. Disraeli tells how Contarini Fleming visited Florence and studied the works of art. "A portrait of Ippolyto de Medici, in the Pitti Palace," says Contarini, "of whom I knew nothing, haunted me like a ghost, and I could only lay the spectre by resolving in time to delineate the spirit of Italian feudality." This is Disraeli to the life. Lord Rosebery has related how Disraeli once told him that he wrote *Count Alarcos* to lay a literary ghost. The Tory statesman saw things with that eye of imagination which transforms the dreary and commonplace into the strange and beautiful, and makes the

ragged moor receive

The incomparable pomp of eve.

A hurried style and a slipshod diction, either in speaking or writing, was impossible to a man with the mind of Disraeli. There was no vulgar bustle in his oratory, but rather the Spanish stateliness of his ancestors. When

the Tory statesman, as a young man, visited Constantinople, a certain Mehemet Ali told him he could not be an Englishman, but was rather one of Oriental race, "because he walked so slowly." The calm dignity which characterised Disraeli's personal demeanour is equally traceable in his speeches and writings. You should do everything, said Lord Chesterfield, in minuet time, and Disraeli never yielded to that "sick hurry" of modern life which troubled the soul of the supersensitive Matthew Arnold.

When Disraeli died a great gap was left alike in the political world and the Republic of Letters. The placo which he left vacant could never be filled. Froude adopted as the motto of his *Life* of the statesman the well-worn words of Hamlet:

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

Disraeli was a unique figure, alike as an orator and as an author. But if the statesman's peculiar gifts and qualities cannot again recur, there is still ample room for men who will raise political oratory out of the category of twaddling commonplace. The complex conditions of modern life are not favourable to the production of orators like the men of old. "Till we have seen men of genius shut themselves up for whole months," says Sir Samuel Romilly, "to study only the force and beauty of their language, transcribing with their own hands eight several times the works of an eloquent author, and struggling with unremitting efforts to overcome every imperfection in their nature, we cannot wonder that we have not a modern Demosthenes." It may not now be easy to evolve a Demosthenes; it is still possible to make political speeches which would be worth reading. It would amply repay the politicians of the age to bestow a little more labour on the form of their addresses. Perhaps the only speaker of the present day who maintains the old literary traditions is Lord Rosebery. The avidity with which his speeches are read, and the eagerness with which his services are sought for public functions, are conclusive proofs that the public is always glad and ready to read an eloquent oration.

Things Seen.

A Turn of Water.

THEY used, in olden days, to speak of a "couse" of water, and a couse is a gossip in the Cornish vernacular. Now they talk of a "turn," and the word is equally well chosen. For there is no spring within half a mile of the village. You must go out by the road cut in the cliff to where a little stream comes through an iron pipe out of the hedge. Above are small fields, divided and sheltered by hedges of elder, which, as one looks back, seem to have been continually covered with glimmering white bloom. Below is the sea, breaking ever so quietly on a lonely beach, and infinitely remote in the blue-grey dusk, the ghost of a rocky island with a yellow light at its summit. You go by the narrow road, and everybody is a friend; everybody knows all that is to be known of all the others. You are young and unburdened, but each of the elder people carries a couple of pails or a couple of red earthenware jugs, holding about two gallons apiece. You come to the pipe, and there is necessarily a long wait, for the turns are taken in order of coming. In the meantime, there is talk. The sea breaks softly below, while recent events are described and commented on. It is something of a pity that you may only join the throng when you are a child, for if you live to be old you will vaguely remember many interesting things.

You, as an adult, will never hear free talk of the many cases of ill-wishing that still happen in those parts; but who should mind speaking before a child? And there are other superstitions of which you will get a hint, that will spring imperfectly into the mind and be merely tantalising in later years. It is a fine thing to get leave to go for a turn of water, and if the summer has been droughty the flow from the pipe is but a trickle, and the hour grows romantically late. Then at last you go homewards, ready for sleep, and the night is fulfilled with the plaintive rise and fall of the softest, most musical voices.

The Pagan.

PETER was dying, and he had been a friend of mine so long as I could remember. He had gone to work underground at the age of seven; he had never been properly fed; every day he had come sweating to the surface after a climb of 200 fathoms, had changed, and walked a couple of miles to his clean, cheerless cottage. Now he was fifty-five, and he looked seventy, and heart and lungs had given out. He knew that he was near the end, and still kept his philosophy. He was as honest a man as ever lived, and it had often seemed strange that he was almost the only man in that village of Methodists who had no religion. He lay dying, and was content, except for the fact that he could no longer enjoy tobacco. One day I sat by his bed when the doctor came. He was a shy man, and a very earnest Christian, and he was fond of Peter. I knew that he had something he was desperately anxious to say, and I was on the point of taking my leave when he spoke, dropping (as one did with Peter) into the old caressing dialect. "Where do 'ee think you'm goin' to, Peter, when you do die?" Peter looked up at him with the kindest of smiles. "Dunnaw, Doctor; but I never knew a horse yet that couldn' get a bit o' grass somewhere."

The Poetic Leg.

It is on the present writer's mind that Mr. Henry Bradley has omitted the poetic Leg from the Oxford English Dictionary. The expression "making a leg" he has of course not missed. His first quotation for it dates from a ballad of 1589, his last from *Barchester Towers*. In these and the intermediate quotations the phrase stands for an obeisance; never so quaintly as in certain seventeenth century orders for the celebration of Holy Communion in Durham Cathedral, wherein the choristers were taught that in going up to the altar they should "make legs to God." A delightful phrase comes out of Defoe's *New Voyage Round the World*, a work which deserves to be better known if only for its inspired pictures of the Andes. In a certain interchange of courtesies between the crew of a roving merchantman and the Spanish Governor of Manilla we are told that this gentleman, standing in the window of his palace to see his visitors take to their boats, "gave them the compliment of his hat and leg." It is impossible not to nurse a regret that the courtly Spaniard has, in our time, received the compliment of his own hat and legs from Admiral Dewey. Meanwhile, Defoe's governor, standing on his balcony, is become an historic symbol. Thus for centuries have Spanish governors done the honours of Spain's venal and ineffectual colonies: giving the compliment of the hat and leg.

One thing should be noted. The making of a leg is not always a grace of drawing-rooms and courts. "I turned me to the Basha, and made a long legge, saying, 'Grand Mercie, Signior,'" was the act of one of Hakluyt's heroes in an Eastern court, but Cowper's rustics are not a whit behind in England. In "The Yearly Distress, or Tithing

Time at Stock, in Essex," we have this scene between the tithe-hungry clergyman and his annual debtors:

So in they come—each makes his leg,
And flings his head before,
And looks as if he came to beg,
And not to quit a score.

To be sure, the quality of their leg is indicated; they flung their heads before. It was the same leg that Trollope describes:

"Here are our churchwardens, Mr. Arabin; Farmer Greenacre and Mr. Stiles. Mr. Stiles has the mill as you go into Barchester; and very good churchwardens they are."

"Not very severe, I hope," said Mr. Arabin: the two ecclesiastical officers touched their hats and each made a leg in the approved rural fashion.

The ironic leg should be noted in passing: it occurs in the ballad of "The King and Miller of Mansfield," where it is also the plural leg. When the Miller and his wife offer the King's pursuivant three farthings for his trouble, that dignitary

Smiled at their simplicity,
And making many leggs, tooke their reward.

But none of these is the poetic leg, and it is the poetic leg that Mr. Bradley seems to have overlooked. Need we say that it is encountered in *The Egoist*? There is no statement that Sir Willoughby ever made a leg. He *had* one.

Rich, handsome, courteous, generous, lord of the hall,
the feast and the dance, he excited his guests to a holiday of flattery. And, says Mrs. Mountstuart, while grand phrases were mouthing round about him: "You see he has a leg."

The phrase excites Mr. Meredith to a holiday of appreciation.

Her word was taken up, and very soon, from the extreme end of the long drawing-room, the circulation of something of Mrs. Mountstuart's was distinctly perceptible. Lady Patterne sent a little Hebe down, skirting the dancers, for an accurate report of it; and even the inappreciative lips of a very young lady transmitting the word could not damp the impression of its weighty truthfulness. It was perfect. . . . A simple-seeming word of this import is the triumph of the spiritual, and where it passes for coin of value, the Society has reached a high refinement: Arcadian by the æsthetic route.

In one inspired phrase, uttered casually in an ethereal height of social accomplishment, Mrs. Mountstuart added this word to the English language. And Mr. Bradley has neglected it! *He had a leg*. It was not merely that he had infinite capacity of making a leg gracefully in any conceivable situation. He had all masculine elegance; elegance of laughing virility, with a kick in far reserve. Mrs. Mountstuart's word was transcendent. She did in a moment what æons of the vulgar have lamely and gropingly accomplished. They say that so-and-so *has a cheek*, and it may be admitted that, on its own abysmal plane, the word is something of a triumph: an accumulated and multi-ratified scorn, just tintured with admiration, is in it. In some counties you hear, *He has a neck*, and the connotation is the same. But Mrs. Mountstuart had no aid from the centuries, save, indeed, from the centuries of breeding and intelligence of which she was the authentic vessel. "Grand phrases were mouthing round about him." These were the foot-hills of that glistening peak which was soaring, ere they knew it, above their collective mind. "You see he has a leg." Mr. Meredith, in worshipping comment, adds, "Our cavalier's is the poetic leg, a portent, a valiance. He has it as Cicero had a tongue. It is a lute to scatter songs to his mistress; a rapier, is she obdurate. In sooth a leg with brains in it, soul." And Mr. Bradley has passed it over.

W. W.

Correspondence.

Acerbity and Mrs. Gallup.

SIR,—Mr. Mallock complains, as you quote him, of the "sentimental acerbity" of Mrs. Gallup's opponents. It is caused, I think, by Mrs. Gallup's own extraordinary ignorance, and by her attribution of that ignorance to Bacon. Admirers of Bacon must be annoyed when he is exposed as unaware of common facts, which Mrs. Gallup can find in any Peerage, or any history of England. If she, and Mr. Mallock, will look up the *Dictionary of National Biography* under Cecil (William, Robert), or under Dudley (Robert), they will learn things which Mrs. Gallup and her Bacon are ignorant of; though, indeed, Mr. Mallock can hardly be ignorant. But he does not seem to have applied his knowledge to the matter in hand. Many things are possible. Bacon may have written the *Faery Queen*; he may have hidden his secret in a cypher; by all means let the alleged cypher be examined by experts. But it is not possible that Bacon should have been ignorant of what any Peerage, or biography of Cecil and Dudley, tells us. Is her action, then, not apt to cause "acerbity"?—Yours, &c.,

ANDREW LANG.

Rights in Gravitation.

SIR,—Mr. Cromie still claims more than he is entitled to do. There is nothing whatever in my book, I am glad to say, about "the supposititious discovery of the secret of gravitation" or "the manufacture of a structure to exploit this." And excepting the point about lighter gravitation which was popularised ever so long ago by Sir Robert Ball, all the other trivial points of resemblance Mr. Cromie specifies—including the amazing coincidence of the manhole—are to be found in *A Trip to the Moon*, by M. Jules Verne, to whom we are all indebted and to whom I unreservedly do homage.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. WELLS.

The Transliteration of Russian Names.

SIR,—The writer of the article on Gorki adds a fresh terror and torment to the self-constituted corrector as far as in him lies of misspelt foreign words in English journals. It is enough to see Russian words parading in Polish, German, or French garb in the best English newspapers, and to be compelled, with a groan, to let them pass. The Russian *r*, for instance, is more or less correctly rendered by the *r* of the Polish and German languages, but it is phonetically either the *r* or the *f* of the English. If we wish to follow the Russian spelling we should write *r*; and we are no more justified in writing *f*, or *ff*, as its equivalent than we would be in changing all the final soft consonants of German and Dutch words into hard consonants when reproducing words from those languages in English, or than they would be in writing English of as *own*. The French we follow sometimes by adding *e* to a Russian name ending in *m* or *n* (I am leaving out of account the Russian mute letters because the French ignore them generally, and the Russians themselves propose to do so), e.g., *Marime* and *Kropotkine*. The object of the French is, of course, to avoid the pronunciation of these names with the strong French nasal sound which does not exist in Russian; but if they are so particular in this matter they might also have added *e* to the Polish name *Chopin*, and altered the initial *ch* to *qu*, or denoted in some way, if it is at all possible in French, that the *ch* had somewhat the sound of *ch* in the Scotch word *loch*, into such bypaths

does the attempt to render letters phonetically rather than literally lead us. But all this does not explain why the writer of the article on Gorki spelt that name with a modified *o*. There is no more reason why he should do this than that he should give a modified *o* to Tolstoi's first, or to Kropotkin's second, syllable; hence the terror of it, and because I have not observed this peculiarity before, the new and horrible terror of it to me. Is it going to spread like small-pox or influenza? I can assure you, sir, that there is positively no modified *o* denoted in Russian; *o* in that language, when unstressed, is pronounced as *a*, but there is not even this to explain the outbreak of diæresis in the word and name Gorki, for in it the *o* is stressed. An Englishman does not go far wrong, indeed, when he pronounces it as spelt, without the modification of the *o*, giving the *i* its continental value. Where the modified *o* spelling would land him I know not.—Yours, &c.

H. RAYMENT.

Sidcup, Kent.

A Review and Some Matters of Fact.

SIR,—Suffer a few lines on certain matters of fact in the review of my recent book, "*Prosperous*" *British India*, reviewed in last week's *ACADEMY*.

1. I am charged with omitting to explain that a portion of what the Indian Government calls taxation some people call rent. I merely follow the official nomenclature, and now add that if the impost be of a serious character it matters not to the man who pays by what name it is called. In practice, an ex-Indian Prime Minister shows (p. 491) that, with a three-quarter crop the Government takes 38 per cent. of the gross produce, leaving only 18 per cent. for the cultivator. Three-quarter crops or less are the rule in India.

2. It is insinuated I make no allowance for the good resulting (in India) from British rule. Can the reviewer have read my book? To mention two instances only: On pp. 11-13 I give the first compilation ever made of the money value of the good done by irrigation, and show, for a few Madras districts, a money return to the people of £176,261,220, and to the Government a net profit of £24,019,320. Again: on pp. 253-254, with much detail, I explicitly mention 25,000,000 town population and 35,000,000 agriculturists, 60,000,000 in all, as those who have benefited by British administration. The thing I am charged with not having done I have done again and again.

3. " . . . unsupported by a shadow of real evidence," I put the average Indian income at 22s. 4d. per head. Thus the reviewer. In presence of this assertion who would suppose that, with an infinity of trouble, I have taken the Government estimates of the proportion of produce they receive as revenue (or rent) and, from this and from the revenue returns have ascertained the total field yield everywhere; and in regard to non-agricultural income, that I have taken from every Administration Report all the information which the Government furnish there and in numerous other publications as to mining, manufacturing, boat-building, flour mills, breweries, ice-factories, cattle-breeding, missionaries' salaries—in fact every imaginable source of income in more than seventy directions,—that I have dealt with these, first, for India as a whole, and, next, for the Provinces separately? My results have been arrived at in a systematic way, every feature in which is set forth for examination, and for correction where correction is necessary.

4. A reference to an adverse balance against India of £30,000,000 a year for the past thirty years is treated as though I declared this was officially recorded. In my treatment of "the drain," I contented myself with the much less sum of £7,500,000 per annum (p. 223), and then found, in a big official book published in Calcutta,

the "Amounts received in England at the India Office" averaged £9,500,000. I amended my figures, and, with the altered sum, and, with that alone, I dealt in my conclusions, giving reasons therefor (p. 231). It was an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir G. Campbell, who put public remittances at £16,900,000.

I am severely chidden for not praising more highly than I do the Britons who are engaged in administering the affairs of India. Surely that is done often enough already. Never was a service so praised in season and out of season as the Indian Civil Service—gentlemen who draw the highest civilian pay and pensions in the whole world, and who, being Britons, do their duty splendidly. No one has recognised their good work more than I have done. But I could not say, "Great is the Anglo-Indian, so great that no evil can follow from (innocently) mistaken modes of procedure adopted by him." I do not believe in such perfection. Other people do, and they say it *ad nauseam*. Let that suffice.

Finally: India is undeniably in a deplorable condition. It is the only country, under British rule, which annually loses millions of its people from starvation, and never so many as in the last decade. I have honestly tried to show the cause or causes of this state of things, with a view to a remedy being provided. Such an object is not helped by a review which is adorned by the choice expression, "green-eyed Little Englanders can only carp at" the great achievements of the Indian Civil Service and of British soldiers in India. Is the use of phrases of this kind the literary quality in which my "volume" is found wanting? If so, the form of my work stands justified.—Yours, &c.

27, Dorset Square, N.W.

WM. DIGBY.

Mr. Digby's letter has the same characteristics as his volume—a great show of precision with a lamentable disregard of accuracy.

As to (1), the Indian Government term is "land revenue," and in the section of the Explanatory Memorandum dealing with the burden of taxation, the incidence per head of land revenue is separately shown: Again, in the return of East India Income and Expenditure, 1901, land revenue is not shown as taxation. In any case rent and taxation are essentially different, and neither impost is "of a serious character" in a normal year in India. Mr. Digby quotes in his own behalf an ex-Indian Prime Minister. On referring to the volume, I find that this strangely-named functionary was the Dewan of the petty native state of Indore. Mr. Digby says further that "three-quarter crops or less are the rule in India," which can only mean that his idea of a normal crop is exaggerated.

With regard to (2), I again turn to Mr. Digby's volume, and find: "There are, of course, many good results following a definite policy, whatever that policy may be. So far as they exist, they have served to mitigate consequences which, ere now, would have become insupportable." Praise of this kind is as bad as the strain of condemnation which runs through the work. Incidentally, I may point out that if irrigation in "a few Madras districts" has yielded £200,000,000, this amount alone would cover all the home charges for the last thirteen years! And the irrigation works in Northern India are even more important.

As to (3), I repeat Mr. Digby's figures are "unsupported by a shadow of real evidence." His method may be "systematic," but it is wrong, and he has no data worth a jot for the income of 1900, inasmuch as the revenue returns cannot furnish a proper basis for estimates owing to the drought. The official estimate that the land assessment is from 8 to 10 per cent. of the gross produce must stand until some competent person proves it to be inaccurate. Whether Mr. Digby could ever be justified in selecting

1900, which was afflicted with the worst drought on record, must be left to the judgment of fair-minded people.

Under (4), Mr. Digby objects to my request for the official record of "the adverse balance of £30,000,000." His volume professes to be "a revelation from official records." He does not attempt to justify his statement by any reference to facts, but alludes to a quotation from Sir G. Campbell. It is amusing to find that the latter deals with the "tribute" in language similar to mine, and Mr. Digby says of it that it is "the merest juggling with words" (p. 231). Mr. Digby has, of course, evaded my question as to how he would get rid of the "tribute."

I did not chide Mr. Digby for not praising Indian civilians, but I repeat that their work deserves fair and honest criticism. In his last sentence Mr. Digby says recklessly that India "annually loses millions of its people from starvation," just as he said in the volume that the recent famine cost nineteen million lives. According to the Famine Commission the loss from famine among British subjects was one million. This letter only serves to show still further how utterly untrustworthy Mr. Digby's statements are.

YOUR REVIEWER.

The Word "Latent."

SIR,—In last issue (page 648) you query the word "latent" being predicated nowadays of material things. Browning in "La Saisiaz" uses it of a place—a "rare nook," little known, yet to be found:

All the same, though latent, patent; hybrid birth of land and sea.

Works (1896), Vol. II., p. 543.

Yours, &c., T. S. O.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 120 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best critical comparison between a character in Shakespeare's plays and a character in Dickens's novels. We award the prize to Mr. H. A. Evans, Begbroke, Oxford, for the following:—

MR. TOOTS AND SLENDER.

There is no obscurity about the pedigree of the amiable Mr. Toots. He comes of the house of Slender, and in him we are proud to trace the lineaments of his inimitable ancestor—the bashful Abraham. His very phrases are hereditary; his "O, it's of no consequence at all, I assure you" comes as glibly to his relief in moments of delicate embarrassment as the "Ay, it is no matter" of his progenitor. The sporting instincts of the country gentleman, which in Master Slender had found vent in coursing and bear-baiting, revealed themselves in Mr. Toots in his devotion to the Prize-ring and its magnificent and brawny heroes. His literature was not extensive; of songs and sonnets, even of books of riddles, he seems to have been innocent, but what he lacked in head he made up for in heart. Like Slender, he was the victim of misplaced affection, and was equally incapable of declaring it, but his fancy was not caught merely by externals. To Slender his innamorata was one who had brown hair and a small woman's voice: to the filial tenderness and sweetness of disposition that captivated Mr. Toots he would have remained insensible. About Slender there was no false sentiment; with more vigour than his descendant he had less refinement, and he would have wedded Anne and her fortune with the same imperturbable composure that he would have recounted the goose-stealing exploit of his father. From tragic passion Mr. Toots is equally remote; on the other hand, his heart was eminently sensitive and unselfish, and these virtues which, had he wedded the mistress, would have degenerated into a complacent uxoriousness, made him the happy and contented husband of the maid.

Other replies are as follows:—

QUILP AND CALIBAN.

A study of these two characters, at first sight differing widely, on closer consideration marvellously similar, convinces us that Quilp, the nineteenth century Caliban, is a direct outcome of the

civil monster of Shakespeare. The intellect of the primitive type being totally undeveloped has, of course, none of the fiendish cunning of the modern; but educate the former with the dregs of London society at the time of Dickens, and the product will inevitably be—Quilp. One, like a woodland animal, naturally reasons from what he sees around him, and being impotent can only call down picturesque curses on his enemies. The other, child of darkness and mysterious wharves, whose pleasure is proportionate to the evil wrought by him on his fellow men, possesses a certain devilish skill that can so make use of other people as to ensure success to his subtle machinations. Both are "capable of all ill," and it is through no fault of Caliban's that he is unable to play the part of oppressor. He, however, in his simplicity will benefit anyone willing to serve him, as in the case of Trinculo. In Quilp we look in vain for one ray of humanity, and find him killing his friend Brass with raw whisky and vile tobacco, and exultingly watching the process. Caliban, in aspect and instinct more beast than man, occasionally almost compels sympathy; but in his later and more civilised incarnation he stands out the most perfect model for a monster in all modern fiction.

[C. M. J., Hexham-on-Tyne.]

RICHARD III. AND DANIEL QUILP.

In these two powerful character-studies the Victorian writer finds true kinship with the great Elizabethan. Both pictures show exaggeration in their human lineaments—of each the features are in part diabolical—nevertheless, both are impressive and convincing presentations. Each shows repellent deformity of soul and body alike. Both characters are cunning, cruel, and absolutely unscrupulous in the furtherance of their fortunes, be it a kingdom or merely gold that is in view. Each gloats over the havoc he has wrought for itself, apart from his satisfaction in its accomplishment of his aims. Each scorns the tender-hearted and the weak. But in nothing does the mutual likeness appear so strikingly as in their dealings with women, and the view they take of the sex. The latter is summed up in contempt. The former is compounded of bullying, flattery and fascination. Each man wields a horrible power over the wills of women, making them give liking and consent to the wooer in place of the unspeakable disgust with which they approached him. Richard, in the famous scene with Lady Anne over the bier of her husband, whom he has murdered, transforms the widow's loathing and cursing into the very attitude of coquetry, and implied consent to his appeal for marriage with him. Such an astounding change might well seem impossible in human affairs; nevertheless, Shakespeare presents it to us in credible process. Of Quilp, his wife tells her gossips that were she dead he would make "any one of them" marry him.

[C. H. B., Gateshead-on-Tyne.]

MISTRESS QUICKLY AND SAIREY GAMP.

An eminent critic of Dickens has detected a typical likeness between Falstaff and Sarah Gamp. He writes, "To my imagination the thick-tongued, leering, yet half-genial woman, walks as palpably in Kingsgate Street as yon mountain of a man in East-cheap." A still closer comparison might be drawn, I think, between Falstaff's hostess (in Henry IV.) and Mrs. Gamp. Both review their impressions of life in the same preposterous jargon; "you cannot one bear with another's confirmities," quoth Mistress Quickly. Both were of grotesque physical build. How 'Gampian' is that "Did not good-wife Keech (an Elizabethan Mrs. Harris) come in then and call me gossip Quickly, coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound . . . and didst thou not desire me to be no more familiarity with such poor people." Her famous account of Falstaff's death might be assigned to Mrs. Gamp, theology included. Contrast "if ever man went to Arthur's bosom" with the "Aukworks package" the nurse devotes to "Jonage's belly." I would apply Mr. Gissing's criticism about Falstaff and Gamp to Mesdames Quickly and Gamp. "The literary power exhibited in one and the other portrait is of the same kind; the same perfect method of idealism is put to use in converting to a source of pleasure things that in life repel and nauseate."

[R. McC., Hawsker, Whitby.]

TIMON AND MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

"Timon of Athens" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" may be brought together upon one plane. In Timon, Shakespeare gives a terrible analysis of self-love, which grows into universal hate under the bitter sting of ingratitude. His reckless prodigality has no root in true benevolence. He does not minister to necessity, but gives to rich sycophants, whose empty flatteries feed his diseased love of praise. Martin's self-love subsists upon his extraordinary opinion of his own merits; and as he is without the means to purchase goodwill, so, too, he has no need for the praise of others. Timon is repellent throughout, but there is an almost lovable attraction in the warm human caprice of Martin, as he slowly

passes through affliction into unselfishness. Timon believes in everyone at first, but afterwards in no one, not even in his faithful steward; Martin believes in everyone, after his own needs are served. When Timon finds gold he scatters it broadcast, and laden with curses, to all who come to him; but out of his poverty Martin issues purified by truer love. There is something vulgar in the munificence of Timon; but the empty-handed patronage which Martin throws over honest Mark Tapley, with the air of a landless lord, is little less than magnificent. Timon descends to the brute; Martin rises in the scale of human dignity. Of the two we prefer Martin—young, ill-tutored, vain, capricious; but having under the crust of self a hidden well of real love, which is wholly wanting in Timon.

[A. E. W., Greenock.]

SHYLOCK AND FAGIN.

In the characters of the Jew of Venice and the Jew of London—the mediæval usurer and the modern thief—exist contrasts that strikingly illustrate the differences in mould of the creators' minds. The lofty genius of the dramatist conceives an heroic figure which commands our reluctant admiration by its consistent and fearless tenacity of purpose; the fertile brain of the novelist evokes a ghoulis spectre that stirs our ready antipathy by its loathsome and low-born cunning. While both are misers, the one gloats over gains acquired by doubtful commerce; the other amasses a hoard by certain criminality. The "cruel devil" of the Rialto keeps his devilry for his foes; the "false-hearted wagabond" of the slums views with secret joy the sufferings of his human tools. The cringing, lying, cowardly bully is but slightly akin to the intense and dogged enthusiast whose love of race masters even his love of money. Fagin risks nothing save for gain; Shylock deliberately risks much for the pure pleasure of vindicating the insulted dignity of his race. The thief is a scoundrel who chances to be a Jew; the money-lender is a Jew who happens to be a scoundrel. The novelist of the age of realism depicts to its tragic end the evil career of a master in vice; the dramatist of the days of idealism dwells on an episode in the course of one who conceived a great idea.

[W. R., M.A., Thankerton.]

MALVOLIO AND MICAWBER.

There are some characters that are so diverse that to compare them at all seems absurd. Without saying that those of Malvolio and Micawber are of this class there is little at first sight to suggest comparison. Their outward circumstances were as unlike as it is possible to conceive, yet such a fact does little to materially affect character. Probably if it had been Mr. Micawber's fortune to have started life as steward in the house of a noble lady, he would have been much the same pompous, self-loving, conceited and foolish piece of humanity as Malvolio appears. It is the same unbounded self-reliance which in Micawber's case makes him confident of something "turning up" by which he will make his fortune, and in Malvolio's case leads him to think that it is only opportunity which is needed to enable him to win the hand of his young mistress, imagining he already has her love. But when we have said this we have said our worst about either, and they carry about such an air of magnanimity that it is impossible to despise them. They cause us endless amusement by their mannerisms, yet when misfortune comes we have something more than a tolerant pity for them. Their faults are more lovable than some people's virtues, and they are both faithful souls in spite of their weaknesses. We could do without some of our successful friends as long as we are left with our unsuccessful Micawbers and Malvolios.

[M. C., Harrow.]

Other replies received from A. G., Worcester; J. L. B., Gateshead; F. L. A., Ealing; R. W., Sutton; E. L., Didbury; R. W. M., Edinburgh; K. M. B., Stirling; C. S., Manchester; H. J. H. Wallington; A. M. M., Glasgow; J. P., E. Finchley.

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